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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE LATE ELECTION.—POPULAR DEMONSTRATION AT THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL HARRISON, IN INDIANAPOLIS, IN HONOR OF HIS ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY.

FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK ADAMS — SEE PAGE 223.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

THERE is no uncertainty this time in the expression of the will of the people. The reversal is emphatic. After an interval of four years, the Republican party returns to power with the control of the Executive and both branches of the National Legislature. It is too early to determine the proportion of the entire popular vote cast for Harrison and Morton. No President since Grant has in fact received an absolute majority of that vote. But it is certain that the Republican candidates have now secured a larger majority of the Electoral College than any since the last election of Grant in 1872. It is well for the country that the result is thus decisive, and that all the forces of the Government can work in harmony. It is not a safe condition of things when the policy of the Administration with reference to the vast material interests of the country is the subject of constant conflicts between the two branches of the Legislature. That condition is now wholly changed, and after March next the Republican party will be fully responsible.

The late contest has been conducted intelligently and soberly, and the result may be regarded as the fair expression of the popular mind. It shows distinctly that the people had come to regard Mr. Cleveland as untrustworthy. This feeling has developed itself especially during the last half of his term. During the first two years he was fairly treated and won much popular favor. This was due in a great measure to his strong assertion of the dangers incident to a desire on the part of a President to secure a second term, and his apparent sincerity in the promotion of Civil-service Reform. It has become manifest that his ambition prompted him to subject the country to the dangers he warned them against, and led to a complete repudiation of his promises as to the Civil Service. It has also become plain that the same motives led him into an attitude of obstinate antagonism to the best leaders of his own party, and induced him to promulgate his message of last December, which at once awakened wide distrust, and soon defined the chief lines upon which the contest has been carried on, to his signal defeat. It may fairly be said that that injudicious manifesto brought about the ruin of his party. It was an assault upon the principle of protection to home industries. Some of his supporters are now trying to console themselves by asserting that it was a brave thing for him to do because it was right in principle. But the country viewed it differently. While there is a general belief that a reform of the tariff is desirable, it is also the sense of the people that it must be done without endangering the principle of protection. This is the temper in which the Republican party will probably deal with this subject when it shall resume power. The tariff will be truly and safely reformed, but at the same time the industries of the people will be adequately protected. This policy is already foreshadowed in the Bill passed by the Senate. We may confidently expect a settlement of this vital matter by a tariff system embodying the main features of this Bill, and based upon its principles.

The fact that the great Republican States stand firm, and that all the Northern and Pacific States except New Jersey and Connecticut have voted for Harrison and Morton, has great significance. It must have its influence upon the South, and lead to new political adjustments. In fact, the contest itself has already led to them. For the first time Republican Senators will be sent from Delaware and West Virginia. Much of the increase of the Republican strength in Congress comes from the South. There has been an accession of Republican Representatives in eight Southern States—Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, North Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia.

This is probably the beginning of a political change which will keep pace with the advance of industrial wealth and popular education in the South, and profoundly modify the situation of parties in the future. And it will tend to remove quietly many of the dangers which have menaced us. It is not likely that any party candidate can hereafter begin his calculations by setting down 153 electoral votes as sure for him from the solid South. This solidity in itself has always been a danger. It is to be hoped that it will now be removed by the quiet but steady flow of the streams of intelligent labor and industrial development which have already worked such benefits. And it is fortunate, in this view, that the Republican party is to resume its control under such a man as Benjamin Harrison. His lineage, his services as a soldier and statesman, his bearing during the contest, his known personal character, and his mental resources so conspicuously shown, as well as his entire freedom from embarrassing complications, combine to insure him strong support in his Administration. His opponents, even while smarting under defeat, treat him generously, and speak only good of him. Elected by a decisive popular vote, and supported by both Houses of Congress, he has a grand opportunity to do service to his

country. A man whose great-grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence, and whose grandfather was his predecessor in his great office, and who is himself gifted with many of the best qualities of true statesmanship, can scarcely fail to improve it.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

THE re-election of that faithful servant of the liquor power, David B. Hill, as Governor of New York, leaves but slight hope of the success of any adequate temperance legislation during his official term. Yet another High-license Bill should be, and will be, brought forward. Last year the Governor vetoed a Bill drawn to meet his objections to a previous Act, and now he has been re-elected by the saloon vote. How powerful that vote is may be learned from a pamphlet recently issued by Mr. Robert Graham, Secretary of the Church Temperance Society. He shows, from the official records, that nearly all of 4,710 chattel mortgages which are held on saloon fixtures in this city are held by brewers. One firm alone holds 310, amounting to \$310,134. These mortgages range from \$25 to \$20,000, and, of course, form a means of perfect control. The liquor combination boasts that in New York city alone it controls absolutely 40,000 votes. This would be only about eight to each mortgaged saloon, and it is easy to see that the boast is literally true. Against such a formidable combination it is evident that success can only be won by a combination of the temperance men of both parties; but partisanship, as in the last Mayoralty election, renders such a combination difficult of realization.

The present power of the saloon in politics can be readily appreciated, now that some understanding has been gained of the enormous corruption fund raised for the election of Governor Hill. An effort was made to collect \$100 from every saloonkeeper in New York, and the city is cursed with 10,000 saloons. This would have given a million dollars, or half a million if an average of \$50 had been collected. There are about 35,000 saloons in the State, and an average contribution of \$25 would have given \$800,000, a sum larger than was ever used in a State campaign before. These sums may seem incredibly large, but let us examine the pecuniary interest of the saloonkeeper in Governor Hill's election. The election of Warner Miller would have meant high license. This would have required \$300 as the minimum rate for a liquor license, and \$100 for a beer license. Is it not evident that the saving in license fees would justify the saloonkeeper in paying out \$50 or \$100 to secure Hill's election? At the lowest rates under the Crosby Bill the amount to be paid into the treasury would be, each year, \$7,707,702. Last year the total estimated amount of license fees paid by the saloons was \$2,095,224. Governor Hill's veto, therefore, cost the people of the State, and saved the liquor-sellers, at least \$5,612,477 a year. By standing between the people and high license he will cost the people and save to the saloons nearly \$17,000,000 in the next three years. This will be the return to the rumsellers for an investment of less than one million. It is not necessary to insist that their investment has been a profitable one.

We commend the figures here presented, as well as the reflections which they suggest, to the careful consideration of our readers. All that we have said of the power of the saloon in politics has received signal confirmation in the result of this election. The issue is clearly defined. The liquor interest is united for the control of State elections, and it is pecuniarily profitable to the liquor-retailer, even if he were not controlled by the wholesale dealer, to contribute to a campaign fund which is far larger than that of either of the regular parties. The liquor party must be recognized as an organization united and equipped with almost unlimited money, which can be made available at any time. What are we going to do about it? It is time for all good citizens, irrespective of party, to make this question a personal one.

HUMAN DYNAMITE HARMLESS.

WHEN one considers the anomalous social constitution of this great city, and reviews the exciting interests which for weeks have wrought upon the minds of men, without leading to a single disastrous expression of feeling, one is filled with admiration which amounts almost to awe. What is there in the life of this city of ours which so holds in check the passions of men? What is the fusing element which makes of the heterogeneous masses of which our population is composed an organic whole, capable of subordinating the interests of each to the good of all, and recognizing that the first and chiefest good is public order? Here is a city which has become, to a proverb, the dumping-ground of the nations. The dangerous elements of all Europe find here an asylum and a rallying-place. Men of utter ignorance, men sore from long abuses, men wild with impotent hatred, men burning with revenge, owning no natural fealty to this nation, ignorant of her traditions, blind to the blessings she has to offer, suffering often from disappointed hopes, and exasperated by the sight of luxuries in which they can by no possibility gain a share—such men as these have for weeks been systematically stirred up on political questions, and stirred up chiefly by appeals to their personal interests and antipathies. And yet, not only is there no disorder during the progress of

the campaign, but at the end of it, when nearly half of them might be expected to be embittered by defeat, and all the others elated by victory, and an outbreak of some kind would seem to be the natural order of things, simply nothing happens. One and all go to their daily work on the morning after election, and that is the end of it.

We are so accustomed to all this that we fail to grasp its deep significance. It would be a surprise indeed to us if this great mass of ignorant and suffering humanity in the midst of which we live should be anything but quiet, peaceable, well-behaved, in no degree a hindrance to the orderly development of our civilization, or the progress of our distinctive ideas and purposes. And yet, as Mr. Chauncey M. Depew once said in a public meeting, "There is enough human dynamite in this metropolis to overturn any government in Europe." And we all live on this volcano without a thought of danger.

We need have no thought of danger, but it would be well that we should recognize wherein our safety lies. The most wonderful thing in this city, the most wonderful thing, perhaps, that our whole nation can show, is the solution of the most knotty sociological problem of the age which is going on here. There are two sides to every thing. New York has for years been held up to the world's contumely for the corruption of its government. It is time that the picture were reversed, and that not only the world should know us, but that we should know ourselves as a city earnestly and successfully dealing with a problem which everywhere else and until now has baffled the best human powers. New York is making, has already made, good citizens—fit to be trusted with their share of government, willing to work harmoniously with all other men, forgetting class antagonisms and animosities—out of men whose very existence was a menace to the government under which they were born. If one seeks for the causes of this remarkable achievement, they are to be found, not alone in our institutions, but in our people. It is the citizens of New York who have worked out this great salvation. The spirit of true brotherhood which animates the great majority of what are called our better classes is what has done, and is doing, this thing. No city in the world has so large an army of men and women whose business is charity in one or another of its forms. None gives so large a proportion of its wealth to the help of those who need help. The seven million dollars spent in this city last year in organized private beneficence represent something far more valuable and more potent than money. They represent the spirit of true fraternity, an acknowledgment of universal brotherhood with all its obligations, a recognition of the social bond which makes every man his brother's keeper. Insensibly to themselves our foreign immigrants breathe this air of genuine fraternity, of charity, and hope and trust, from the moment they set foot on our shores, and all unconsciously they grow by its influences into loyal and peaceable citizens.

THE CENTENNIAL OF WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

ON the 30th of April, 1789, George Washington took the oath of office as President of the United States of America, the scene of the ceremony being the Federal Hall in Wall Street, New York city. It has been determined to celebrate the approaching centennial anniversary of the inauguration of the Republic's first President with a series of pageants, festivities and patriotic exercises worthy of the occasion, and which will be unique among the historic fêtes of the metropolis. According to the general plan outlined by the committees and presented at their meeting last week, the celebration will begin on Monday, the 29th of April next, when President Harrison, with his Cabinet officers and other high officials, will follow in Washington's footsteps, proceeding (as the first President did, on April 23d, 1789,) by way of Elizabethport, N. J., where he will be met by a suitable deputation and escorted on a Government dispatch-boat to the foot of Wall Street, New York, reviewing *en route* what is expected to be the finest naval display ever seen in these waters. The rays of Liberty's torch, from Bedlow's Island, will fall upon a forest of masts, amongst which the flag of France will fly, in remembrance of the chivalric alliance of Revolutionary days. In the evening there will be a grand ball at the Metropolitan Opera House, arranged by Mr. Ward McAllister, who on this occasion will stretch the famous list of the elect 400 to the extent of some three thousand invitations. Tuesday, the 30th, the inauguration anniversary, ushered in by the booming of cannon in the harbor, will witness the civic, military and naval land parade. Special religious services will be held in venerable St. Paul's, where Washington and John Adams worshipped; and the literary exercises of the day will take place on the steps of the Sub-Treasury building in Wall Street, the site of the historic Federal Hall. A model American patriotic oration is assured by Chauncey M. Depew's acceptance of the office of orator, and it is hoped that the venerable bard Whittier will contribute a poem. Altogether, these arrangements, perfected in ample time for their successful realization, promise to add to our too few patriotic festivals a special one in which the nation may justly participate with joy and pride.

THE LADY OR THE LICTOR?

BITTER bread as the truth may prove, and of a disgraceful baking as it may seem, the women of these United States must acknowledge that another big election has gone over to the majority, as it were, and that they have had nothing to do with it. They will be forced, too, to acknowledge that the best men have won, not because the best man has won without a dissenting voice, but because women are Republicans as naturally as they are good church-goers or as they hold pins in their mouths. The reason why is not hard to find. Twenty-five years ago there was a war. The women of that time, and the girls who are women now, gathered the impression that all rebels were Democrats, and all Democrats were rebels, and a full thousand years of kissing the book to the contrary would not change them in their belief. Republicans they are, and Republicans they are

going to remain, and they will wear their little silk buttons and accept *boubonnières* tied up with silk flags until the 5th day of next March, with the assurance of Mr. Matt Quay himself. They knew it all the time! They told you so, in fact! Why, to hear them talk, you would think they knew a platform from a dancing-crash. Bless their hearts, it's just as well they don't!

The women who have learned the names of a few of the puppets and who have talked about them in public have also been Republicans, with only such exceptions as Belva Lockwood and Cynthia Leonard, defeated candidate for Mayor of New York. While these misguided women may or may not believe in the platform they espouse—the education of women to the ballot—the spectacle they present is surely pitiful when it is not ludicrous; a case of equal rights they do not suspect.

But among the Republicans, though not of them, have been at least two women who have attracted attention during the campaign. First and foremost the perennial Anna Dickinson, a really sweet-natured and clever little soul whose one fault has proved to be that she has neglected to read the daily papers and is not aware that Lee has surrendered, and that the bloody shirt is not only washed, but starched and ironed, and has a high dude collar at its top, and three pearl studs in its bosom. Personally, Anna is all right, but as a Joan of Arc she was promptly burned at the stake by her own party. And after Miss Dickinson comes that spicy little limb of the law, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa. Mrs. Foster is a Republican through and through—she would not be half so delightfully feminine if she were not; but it must be conceded that she fought her good fight in the recent Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention, not as a Republican, but as a lawyer and a stateswoman. It would be a gross and unnecessary slander to assert that the women in the Convention were anything but honest in their allegiance to the Prohibition party, but it would also be unjust to say that Mrs. Foster was not right when she demanded that the Union should hold to its first and most important principle, that of non-partisanship. She first realized what the other good women were not permitted to foresee, that to swear allegiance to one party was to create enemies and wrong impressions among voters, and that that was something that a body without a vote should avoid. So much for the Republican women who stood out upon the cloudy horizon—a little "specky," but still there.

What of the Democrats and their women? The Democrats are all accounted for, but as yet the women have not been heard from. It has been the cherished belief of the tariff-reform party that it could run its own campaign without any assistance from the petticoats, and even when certain clever women, and one determined young woman in particular, made life a burden for every Democratic committeeman who dared to show his head, the honor of their aid was respectfully declined. It is really funny to think how those women must be going about now showing their dimples and saying to themselves, "Poor men, poor men, if they had only let us come to their assistance!" For the men themselves, selfish creatures that men are, it is a conundrum whether they would rather have been beaten without the women or have won the game with them. To put it tersely, is it the Lady or the Lictor?

ADULTERATING ADULTERANTS.

EVERY one at all acquainted with the history of food adulteration is aware how extensively a confiding public is practiced upon and deceived when it attempts to supply its larder. Most people know that, in a certain class of restaurants, and among a certain section of the grocery trade, oleomargarine still passes for butter, coffee is largely mixed with chicory, and cotton-seed oil does duty for the Italian product; but comparatively few have discovered that even these adulterants have, in turn, become scarce, and thus led to the use of other and cheaper ingredients to simulate the real article. In illustration of this statement, an English journal prints the following table:

Ostensible Commodity.	Nominal Adulterants.	Actual Ingredients.
Olive oil	Cotton-seed oil	Other and cheaper oils.
Coffee	Chicory	Carrots, parsnips, burnt maize, ground date-stones, etc.
Pepper	Gr'd olive-stones (<i>pokerette</i>)	Maize, flour, palm kernel, dried potatoes, etc.
Butter	Animal fats and oils, justified as being made from the prime fat of healthy animals	Made from the refuse that cannot be more profitably disposed of.
Cheese	Cotton-seed and other oils and fats	Stearine and "many deleterious stuffs"
Lard	"Inferior fruits"	Vegetable substitutes of various kinds, gingly seeds, and "jam coloring."
Jams	"Fruit substitutes"	"Oil of vitriol, impure glucose, algine, aniline and raspberry ether"
Raspberry Jelly	A syrup made from maize	Various starches treated with oxalic acid.
Honey		

* "Hard to distinguish from a natural raspberry jelly."—*American Analyst*.

This deplorable state of things has no doubt been produced by the public demand for cheapness in the necessities of life. Nor is the perpetration of these frauds upon the consumer confined to any one country or continent. While American tradesmen have attained a bad pre-eminence in the practice of the art of adulteration, those of the Old World rank not far behind them. Thus, of forty different samples of tea tested during the present year by the analysts at Warsaw, twenty were found to contain no trace whatever of the Chinese herb, while a leading merchant of Moscow has just been banished to Siberia for life for having sold tea mixed with fifty per cent. of an injurious grass known as "kaporkee." In Spain, too, it has been discovered that the most injurious practices exist in the preparation of such "health" wines as sherry and port, and the Ministry of Public Works has in consequence ordered the erection of twenty chemical laboratories, in that number of the chief wine-producing districts, to combat the evil.

The fact seems to be that the authorities and the public are cajoled by the perpetrators of these frauds, who admit, with winning frankness, the use of certain innocuous adulterants, but who at the same time supplement them by many others that are not harmless, but decidedly injurious to health. In this view of the subject, it is not comforting to be assured by a writer on the marvelous products of coal, that by means of some of them we may obtain "wine without grapes, beer without malt, preserves without either fruit or sugar, perfumes without flowers, and dyes without the vegetable or animal substances from which they have been hitherto chiefly derived."

Life thus becomes more and more a struggle, not only to obtain the wherewithal to supply our daily wants, but with the avaricious manufacturer whose cupidity has entirely silenced the voice of conscience. The latter is ready to condemn his patrons to the slow inroads of disease and death, that his pockets may be swollen with an added profit. For such reckless greed no punishment is too

severe, and while we have in America no Siberia to which to exile the conscienceless cheats, we have laws whose vigorous execution should be insisted upon by a stern public opinion.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

THE Municipal election in this city resulted in the success of the entire Tammany ticket by pluralities ranging from twelve to forty thousand. But although Hugh J. Grant is elected Mayor by a plurality of nearly forty thousand, he lacks almost the same number of votes of having a majority over all.

It is perhaps not so profitable to consider how this surprising result was brought about as to discuss what will be the probable influence and consequences of the decisive triumph of a Democratic faction whose antecedents are not good. The first probable result of the accession to power of Mayor Grant will be the removal from office of all the members of the County Democracy organization, as a means of weakening and ultimately destroying a rival faction. The next step will be to reward the traitorous machine Republicans who betrayed their cause and candidate for office or pelf, and for present personal gain sacrificed their party's welfare for years to come. The apostate County Democrats will come in for the reward of their apostasy also, although a period of probation may be required to test their loyalty to the last faction to which they have given their adhesion.

But what the citizens of New York are most concerned about is the character of the new Municipal Administration for honesty, for economy, and for business ability. The political complexion of a public officer is of far less importance than his integrity and intelligence. The heads of the great city departments should be trained men of executive ability and high character, who, while discharging their duties acceptably to the public, should neither take, nor permit their subordinates to receive, a dollar beyond their legal fees or fixed salaries. It has been the practice in the past for city officials to get rich while in office, but in these days of less toleration for venality, corrupt practices will bring disgrace rather than riches. The character of the appointees of Mayor Grant will determine the success or failure of his Administration. With his youthful ambition and creditable record, Mr. Grant would, doubtless, if left to himself, establish a claim to the public approval as an efficient executive. To have been a worthy Chief Magistrate of the second commercial city in the world is honor enough to satisfy any ordinary ambition. He therefore should determine to be faithful, upright and inexorably just, and so win the applause of all good men. This course, or any independent course, would necessarily involve his retirement at the end of one term. But he can better afford such a result than to merely execute the decrees of the chiefs of Tammany Hall and appoint unfit men to high office, thus subordinating the public welfare to the interests of a dozen politicians. Which course will he pursue? There are those who fear that he will meekly submit to the control of unsafe partisan influences, and there is danger that he will do so; but he should not be condemned without a trial, and we shall, for ourselves, hope for the best so long as the facts shall afford any ground for hope at all.

THE people of the Territories have very emphatically rebuked the treatment they have received at the hands of the Democracy. Both Washington and Montana, to say nothing of other Territories, have been carried by the Republicans by about 5,000 majority. This shows a gain of over 8,000 votes in Montana and of 7,000 in Washington.

THE *Railroad Gazette* mentions twenty-four railroad companies which have adopted some system of heating their cars with steam from the locomotive. These companies now have 2,500 cars thus equipped. This is certainly encouraging, but the deadly car-stove is still among us, and its complete removal is the only thing which will take away a just cause of apprehension.

It looks as if the people do their own thinking. In New York, a practically united press attempted to force a false economical theory upon the popular acceptance, and the result is the rejection of the theory and its representative by a decisive majority. Mr. Cleveland had on his side all the morning newspapers except two, and all the evening journals except one; but they have been unable to persuade the voters that Harrison was not, after all, the better man. What are we to conclude from this state of facts?

CERTAIN newspapers are already making up a Cabinet for the President-elect. With some knowledge of the dominant personal characteristics of General Harrison, we have a pretty strong conviction that that is a bit of architecture he will construct for himself—when the time comes. And he will do it with reference to the best interests of the country and in harmony with the best sentiment of his party. Political "bosses" who may attempt to foist upon him a ready-made Cabinet or "policy" will find that he is a mighty hard man to manage.

WE have probably seen the last of Mr. Bayard as a commanding figure in public life. The election of a Republican Legislature in Delaware will make impossible his return to the Senate on his retirement from the Cabinet, and with the probable repeal of the tax-collection law, which has enabled his party to hold the State, Republican supremacy will be so securely established as to put his future elevation to political station practically out of the question. Mr. Bayard is a cleanly, honest and upright man, but he has not proved a success as Secretary of State, and he must pay the penalty of his failure.

THE ante-election clamor in reference to contemplated frauds in this and other cities does not seem to have been justified by the result. Neither party seems to have resorted to the wholesale assaults upon the integrity of the ballot which were so freely prophesied, and while there were attempts at illegal voting here and elsewhere, the election was for the most part singularly free from fraudulent practices. The fact is that the leaders of neither party are quite as bad as they are painted, and the suspicion that either Chairman Quay or Chairman Brice proposed to achieve a victory by a resort to fraud was, we imagine, as gratuitous as it was unjust.

THE success of the Horse-show at Madison Square Garden is a gratifying proof of the growth of intelligent interest in man's noblest servant. Twenty years ago such an exhibition would have been quite impossible. Breeders who undertook to raise "fancy" horses devoted themselves to trotters. There were horses of all work, matched teams, and some draught horses, but there was practically no attempt to raise useful horses by an admixture of thoroughbred blood. In fact, the thoroughbred horse was regarded simply as a luxury, as a convenient means of betting. The larger

importation of thoroughbreds and the increased interest in the improvement of horses for actual daily use have led to the development illustrated at the show in the classes of hunters, hacks, and carriage horses, and the better quality of the roadsters. There has been a great advance in the breeding of trotters and thoroughbred racing-horses, but the more satisfactory feature of the exhibition was this improvement in the quality of horses adapted to everyday use in harness and under the saddle.

THE snits brought by the Attorney-general of New York against the Sugar Trust have been followed by a similar suit brought by the Attorney-general of California against the American Sugar Refining Company of San Francisco. The defendant corporation was absorbed by the Trust, and the court is asked to take away its charter for the reason that it has surrendered the control and management of its business to an association of non-residents, this association being "an unlawful combination and a monopoly acting in restraint of trade." Even the annulling of the charters of component corporations may not cripple the Trust, but the law in this respect should be enforced, and further action should follow.

THE Mugwump comes in for hard knocks all around. Thus the New York *World* says: "The election was a veritable funeral for the professional Mugwumps. Every candidate favored by these political Pharisees was defeated—from Cleveland and Hewitt to the bottom of the list. There will be genuine and respected independent voting hereafter—more, we trust, than ever before. But the big-headed tribe of Mugwumps will have to be content with a back seat in future." The *Tribune* says of them: "Hereafter a nomination which there is any danger of their supporting is to be avoided like poison." And the *Sun* adds: "Spurned by both parties, the only thing for the Mugwumps to do is to spurn them both."

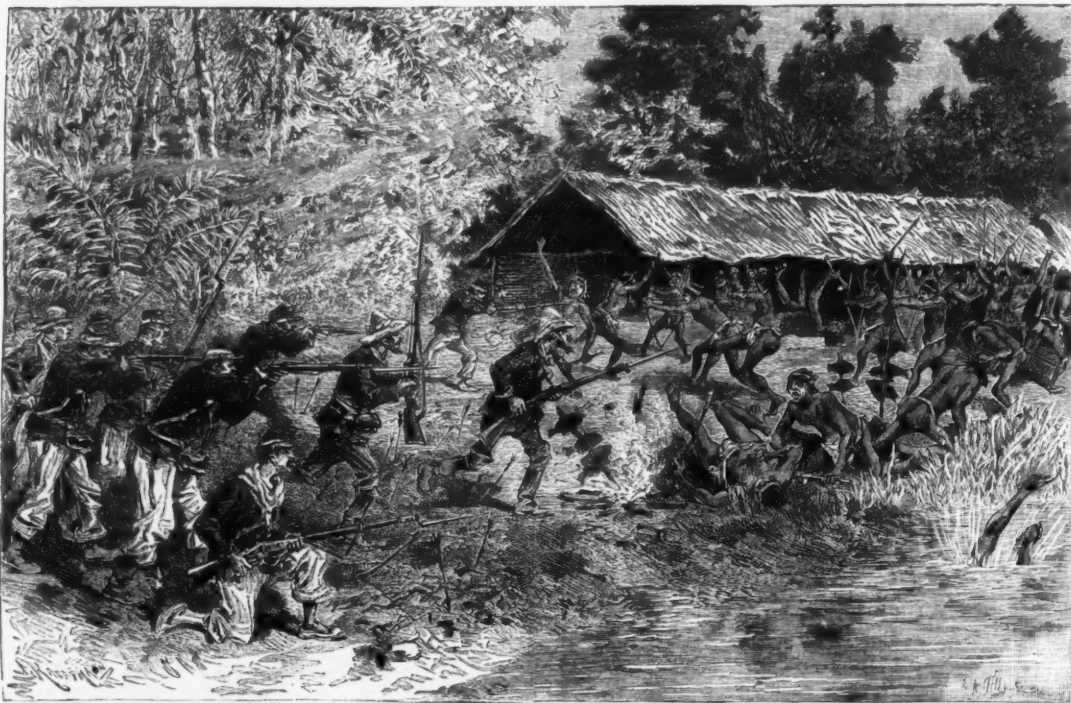
It would appear that the inevitable collapse of the Panama Canal Company cannot be long deferred. M. de Lesseps has attempted to sell only 200,000 of the lottery bonds authorized by the French Government, out of the 1,200,000 remaining unsold. The money already raised has been largely used in meeting previous obligations, and the 200,000 bonds now in the market would yield only \$14,000,000, as the price has been reduced to \$70, even if no allowances were made for the heavy expenses and the delayed installments due the bondholders. De Lesseps is really endeavoring to obtain a loan of less than \$10,000,000, while the annual charges and administrative expenses exceed \$20,000,000. Thus the new loan, if successful, cannot be applied to the prosecution of the actual work on the Isthmus, which, it would appear, must soon stop for lack of funds.

THE Augusta National Exposition was opened last week under the most auspicious conditions, and it will no doubt become a Mecca for thousands of tourists during the next few weeks. Planned upon a large and liberal scale, with a floor space of seven acres, and exhibiting all the phases of industrial progress at the South, it has an interest and significance which have attached to no previous exposition in that section, and its influence must be in every way beneficent and important. The growth of the material prosperity of Georgia is very clearly shown by the important fact, stated by the Exposition orator, that the property of the State has increased in the last ten years \$103,000,000, exclusive of railroad property, while railroad property has increased \$20,000,000, or 212 per cent. The factories of Augusta alone turn 200,000 spindles, pay \$1,000,000 annually in wages, and have an annual output of \$5,000,000. Another significant fact is that property owned by colored people in the State is in round numbers \$10,000,000, an increase in ten years of 85 per cent.

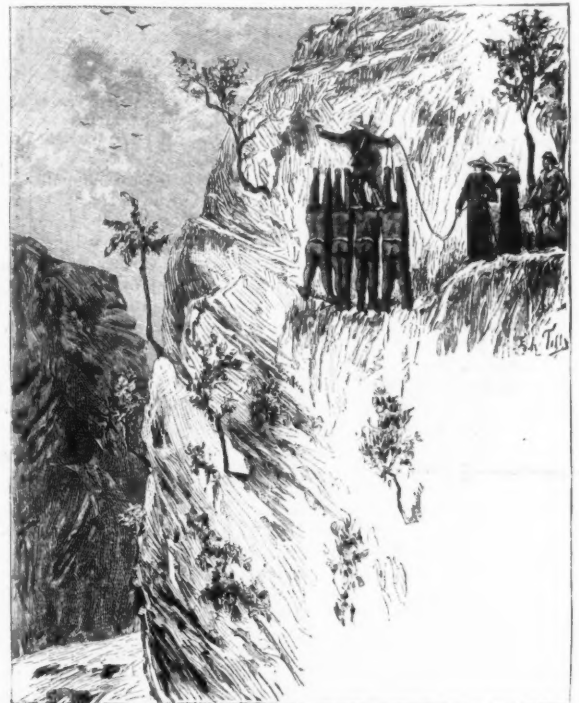
THE unavailing of the statue of William H. Seward at Auburn will recall suggestive memories of a commanding figure in the movements which led to the formation of the Republican party. Mr. Seward had the gift of feeling and depicting the tendencies of public sentiment on an important question. He had, too, an absolute and unwavering faith in the safety of the Republic and the endurance of our Union even in the most disheartening periods of the war. Mr. Seward's firm, patriotic but temperate management of our foreign relations was well illustrated in the Trent affair. He believed in human nature, and his faith led him to support the plans of President Johnson for the immediate restoration of the South to the Union. Mr. Seward was one of the old school of statesmen, thoroughly trained and educated, upholding the vital principles upon which the Republican party was founded, and maintaining the national dignity. Recent historians have told us that he underrated Lincoln at first, and, conscious of his own powers and dignity, aspired to the control of the Administration. Nevertheless his patriotism is not to be disputed, and there can be no question of the great services which he rendered to his country. It is well that these services should be commemorated as is now proposed.

MANY writers, treating the subject of Italian emigration, assume that it presents quite abnormal proportions. There is nothing to justify this assumption. When the Kingdom of Italy was definitely constituted in 1861, without the territory around the City of Rome, the population amounted, according to the *Abnachs de Gotha*, to 21,728,529. The same authority gives the number of persons then actually under the dominion of the Pope as 690,000; so that the people of Italy numbered, in that year, all told, 22,418,529. The total area of the kingdom is 114,410 square miles. Emigration began to assume noticeable proportions about the year 1875, and the total number of emigrants registered in the thirteen years, 1875-1887, was 1,708,435. Of these, 800,000, or nearly half, passed into European countries, the rest going beyond sea. In 1871 the population of the kingdom was found to be 26,801,154. In 1881 it had increased to 28,459,628, and at the end of 1886 it amounted to 29,943,607. The average yearly emigration, therefore, was less than half of the natural increase in population, for it must be remembered that there is no immigration into Italy. How do these figures compare with those for Great Britain and Ireland? The population of the United Kingdom was, in 1878, 33,730,572, and in 1887, 37,091,564. The area is 130,832 square miles. For the ten years, 1878-1887, the number of emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland was 3,095,868, or only 355,000 less than the whole registered increase of population for the same period. This apparently stationary condition is partly explained by the fact that there is a steady reduction in Ireland, amounting, in the ten years, to more than 400,000 persons; but the evidence is overwhelming that the emigration from the United Kingdom is not only actually, but relatively, vastly greater than that from Italy. The British population increased at the rate of 330,000 a year; the Italian, for the ten years, 1871-1881, at the rate of 165,000, and for the five years, 1882-1886, at the rate of 296,000 a year. So far as a growing population implies national vitality, Italy is surely holding her ground.

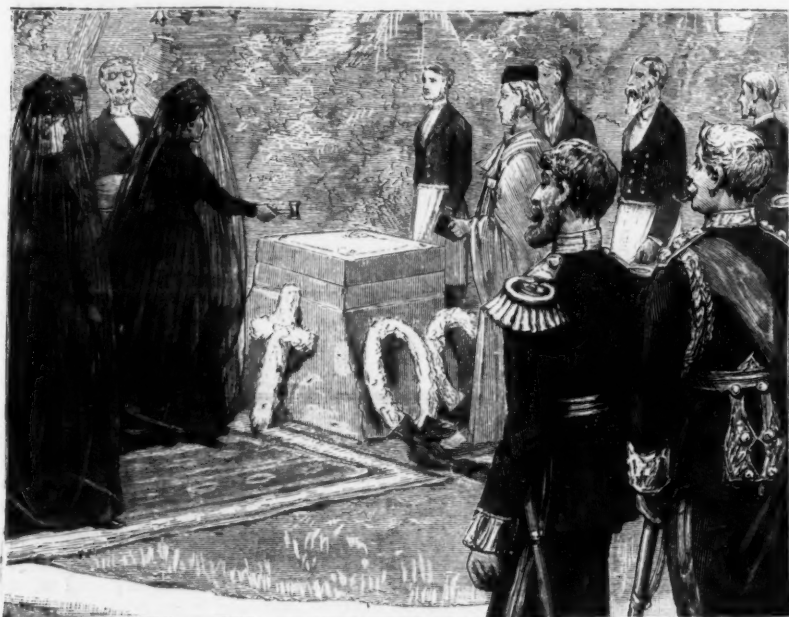
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 219.



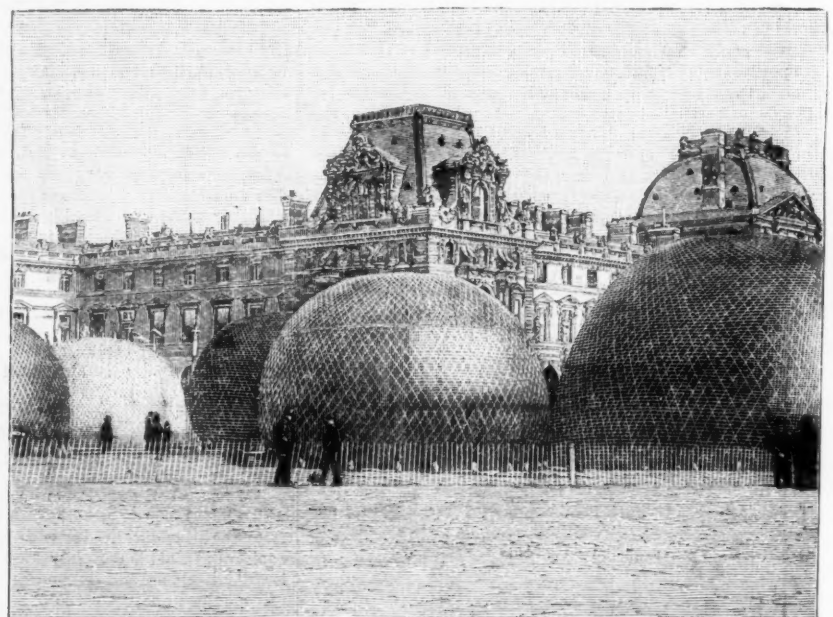
AN ATTACK BY TOBAS INDIANS.
SOUTH AMERICA.—FRENCH EXPLORERS IN THE GRAND CHACO REGION.



A PERILOUS PASSAGE.



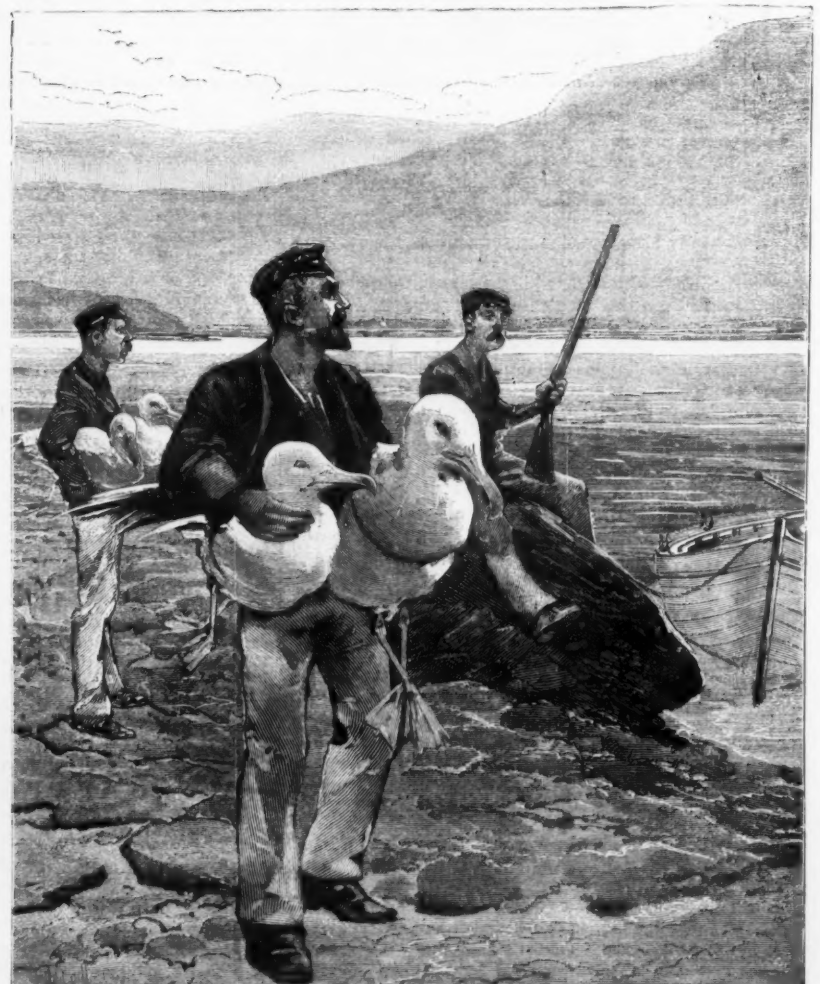
GERMANY.—THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER FREDERICK LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE
OF THE NEW MAUSOLEUM, AT POTSDAM.



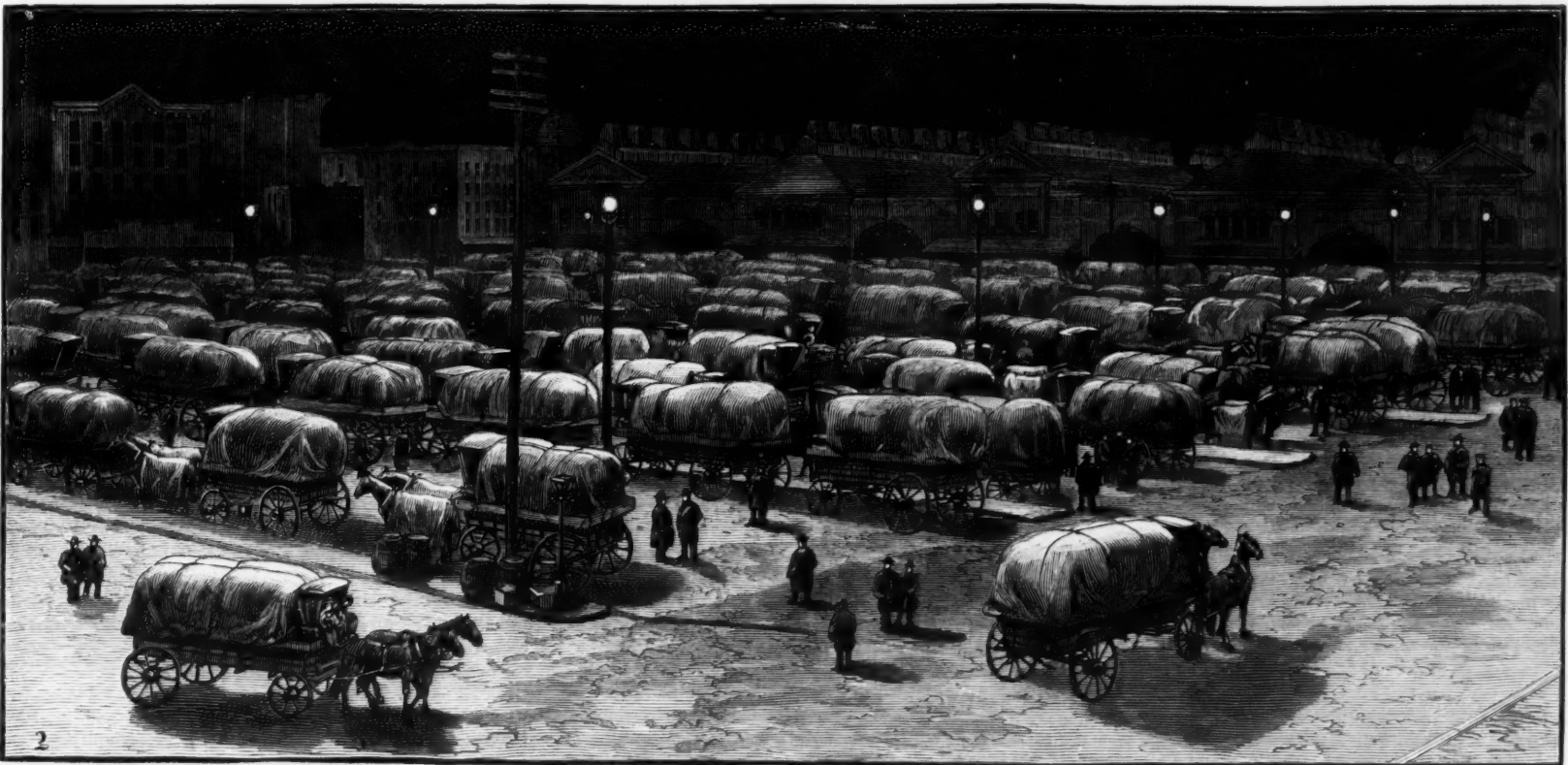
FRANCE.—BALLOON INCLOSURE IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS, PARIS, DURING
THE RECENT FÊTES.



ITALY.—THE POPE AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



AUSTRALASIA.—ALBATROSS-HUNTERS IN THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS.



1. THE PICKERS. 2. THE NEW GANSEVOORT MARKET, NEW YORK CITY. 3. AN OLD DUTCH FARMHOUSE. 4. LOADING FOR MARKET.
THE FRESH VEGETABLE SUPPLY OF NEW YORK CITY.—TRUCK FARMING ON LONG ISLAND.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 218.

THE PHANTOM BALL.

YOU remember the hall on the corner? Last night, as I walked down-street, I heard the sound of music And the rhythmic beat and beat In time to the pulsing motion Of lightly tripping feet.

And I turned and entered the doorway— It was years since I had been there; Years, and the world is different, And pleasure has met with care, But again I was hearing the music And watching the dancers fair.

And then, as I stood and listened, The music lost its glee, And instead of those merry waltzers, There were ghosts of the "Used to Be"— Ghosts of the pleasure-seekers Who once had danced with me.

Oh! 'twas a ghastly picture— Oh! 'twas a gruesome crowd, Each bearing a skull on his shoulders, Each trailing a long white shroud, As they whirled in the dance together, And the music sobbed aloud.

As they danced their dry bones rattled Like a shutter in a blast, And they stared from eyeless sockets On me as they circled past, And the music that kept them whirling Was a funeral dirge played fast.

Some of them wore their face-cloths, Others were rotted away; Some had mold on their garments, And some seemed dead but a day— Skeletons all, but I knew them As friends who had once been gay.

Beauty and grace and manhood, And this was the end of all: Only their phantoms whirling In a ghastly skeleton ball— And the music ceased—and they vanished As I came away from the hall.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

AN EXPERIMENTAL WOOING.

By M. M. Cass, Jr.

"I HAVE concluded," said Larkin, "to treat respectfully every man with an ism. He has probably a nucleus of truth, and if more, it will be a satisfaction to have met and welcomed him on the outposts of thought."

"Nihilism, Mormonism, Voudouism," suggested Mayhew, blandly.

"Of course," said Myrtle, demurely. "Architects favor all leveling innovations."

"But not Mormonism," quickly observed Nannette. "Fewer families, fewer houses. I am almost sure he has no wives."

This fusillade brought an amused smile to Larkin's thoughtful face as he replied:

"I am no Quixote to—"
"To fight windmills. Speak right out, sir," interposed Nannette, with the vivacity born of her eighteen years.

"To deliver criminals," he continued; "but theories, however grotesque to us, may be equations whose solution, though absurd in the plane of modern life, are yet true under other conditions. I believe that thought-transference is practicable over circuits unknown to science. A thousand leagues of sea divide my college chum and myself; our correspondence is fitful; months run between letters, yet they always pass in transit, and are usually written on the same days."

"Really, Mr. Larkin," said Myrtle, "you interest me. Let us make experiments and find out how such things happen."

"And let us leave them," said Nannette to Mayhew, "to thread their Blavatskian mazes alone, while we go down by the bay. I saw a strange yacht gliding around the headland."

Mayhew would have very much preferred the shadowed balcony with Myrtle to the pertness and babillage of her sister and a stroll in the sun. Even Nannette saw this, but in her pretty impudently really cared very little whom else she pleased so long as she pleased herself.

"I fear," said Larkin, when left with Myrtle, "that we are scarcely enough *en rapport* to demonstrate the theory by such correspondence. My chum and I were comrades knit together by eventful experiences. When I sit down to write him, my continued thought follows and fastens on him; I keep bolting into his mind with thronging memories of old days; he feels in a mood to write, and does write then or soon."

"But, Mr. Larkin, who first determines to write, and thus coerces the other?"

"Either may. He wrote last, voluntarily, if I may use the word, from Sweden, desiring me to attend to a business matter. My last voluntary letter was suggested by a remark of Miss Alice Remsen—ah, a friend of yours—a remark which will be quite likely to bring him home. Strange, is it not, that a word, a sentiment, should draw a hundred and seventy pounds of man across a sea?"

"Strange, indeed; but when he returns, how are you to continue your investigations?"

"I do not know," he replied, "unless you will aid me. There is an experiment we could make, which will not, as I believe, require more than the friendly acquaintance I trust I may claim with you."

"Indeed, Mr. Larkin, I should feel hurt if you claimed anything less. Tell me what I am to do. I am curious— But here comes sister and Mr. Mayhew. You shall tell me to-night at the ball. I will save you a dance—if one will be enough," she added, the faintest of smiles teasing the corners of her exquisite mouth. "One dance," she hurried on, "and we will walk on the porch and investigate, and some day you shall read a scientific paper before some learned association—'Thought-transference, by Larkin and Manning'—and we will be elected 'honorary members' before they

discover that Manning is a woman. Then think of the excitement among the old fogies. Ah! here they are."

"So we are old fogies, Miss Nannette," said Mayhew, catching Myrtle's last words, and noting with some disquiet the rarely awakened glow and enthusiasm lighting her face.

"Perhaps we are," said Nannette. "You know that you are, Mr. Mayhew. Why, Mr. Larkin, he would not go on board the *Planeur*, nor down to the lighthouse, nor up the beach, nor anywhere but right back here to the balcony. If that is not fogysm I'd like to know it."

Somewhat comforted that Myrtle was thus informed of his anxiety to return, Mayhew smiled more graciously, and replied:

"Well, Miss Nannette, I confess to the fogysm of preferring noonday shade to sun—an ism, by the way, Mr. Larkin—and it was very warm."

"Which reminds you—" said Nannette, with reckless intuition.

"Which reminds me," he added, with an admiring smile at the quickness of her mental operations, "that our landlord promised us a delicate luncheon down in the little pavilion. Delays are dangerous with such a houseful of guests. Fancy finding the old lady of our table there, with her ichthyosia insensibility to hints."

"And her ichthyosaurian appetite—yes, I will say it," added Nannette.

So away they all went, a good humor veneering the mutual want of appreciation which was beginning to grow out of the rivalry of the gentlemen for Myrtle.

When alone, Larkin revolved all the details of his conversation with Myrtle. Was there not a sort of confidence established between them? Had she not promised, unasked, a dance, or better, the time of it on the star-lighted porch? And then, with a hot wave flushing his cheeks, he recalled her arch, inquiring glance, her shortest of possible pauses when asking if one dance would be enough. And yet he had not spoken—had hesitated until the point of time had passed. Surely she must think him either very thankless or excessively stupid. Either was bad enough, but to be thought to have slighted an advance—few things could be worse; and being a human, sensitive plant, the torture of these imaginings was as keen as though he was even then placed in some false and mortifying position.

Evening came, and after premonitory experiments, the strains of a delicious waltz floated out through the listless trees and over the sleeping bay. As Myrtle entered with her sister there was almost a hush, while everybody gazed at their contrasting types of beauty—the pure, sweet, high-minded loveliness of the one; the imperious, classical, self-centred beauty of the other. The one winning love, the other commanding homage. Before Larkin could reach Myrtle's side Mayhew had whirled her away in a waltz. "A magnificent match," people said, naturally coupling their names; and even Larkin was forced to admit that his rival had a stalwart, self-reliant dignity of carriage and manner. And was he not also cultured, wealthy and devoted? Little wonder that gossip linked their names. When Larkin's dance came they strolled out on the cool piazzas, and thence down a white, sinuous path to the rustic seats on the bluff overlooking the bay. The lip of languorous ripples, the velvet softness of the night-air, and his own thronging emotions, made him hesitate to break the silence with speech.

At last Myrtle began: "And now, Mr. Larkin, for our experiment. What are we to do first?"

"Miss Manning," was the reply, "I think of you frequently. The thought is sometimes obviously suggested by something in my environment, a resemblance perhaps, or maybe a note of music which has gone into my past, linked with word or thought or glimpse of you. Again I think of you with nothing apparently suggesting the thought, at unexpected times, suddenly, inexplicably. Now, on the supposition that you think of me, it must be in the same way; and my theory is that your suggested thoughts of me induce my unsuggested thoughts of you, and the converse. If this be true, and we can demonstrate it, we will have taken the first steps in a mental telegraphy over circuits as yet unknown to science."

"And have a private line and system of our own," said Myrtle.

"Exactly," continued Larkin. "This susceptibility to impression has long been recognized. People say, Think of a person and he appears; the fact being that his near presence or his expectation of finding you gives rise to his suggested and your unsuggested thought. So, too, we say that listeners hear no good of themselves. The listener, thinking intently of the person overheard, suggests himself as a topic of conversation, and—well, secret praise is rare."

"Eavesdroppers are not entitled to flattery," said Myrtle; "but how shall we prove the theory?"

"In this way, Miss Manning: I return to the city to-morrow, and during my absence we will enter in these little books the time, place and origin of every thought of each other. As the pages are ruled and headed, the entries will be but the work of a second, and if the times of our thoughts coincide through a series of entries, the inference will be indisputable."

"And you go to-morrow? I am so glad!" and then added, with twinkling eyes, "in the interest of science. But oh! Mr. Larkin, will they ever forgive me? Mr. Mayhew had the next dance; Mr. Norris, the next; and somebody else, another; and I know we have been here an hour. A private line, indeed! I'll get a private line from every one of them in the morning. Do let us hurry back!"

On the porch they found Mayhew, to whom Myrtle said, in her disarming, pretty way, "Do not say a single word, my friend; I could not help it;" and while Mayhew gnawed his lip in vexa-

tion, up rushed Nannette, followed by a devoted escort.

"Oh, Myrtle!" said she, "where have you been? You have lost ever so many dances."

"Science, sister—science," was the reply.

"But you must not silence me, Myrtle," said Nannette, pretending to have so understood her. "Mr. Mayhew, they have been out to meet an ism. I feel it."

"On the outposts?" queried Mayhew.

"They were gone long enough," replied Nannette.

Next day, in his office, Larkin made so many entries in his little book that a clerk remarked to his fellows that the "old gentleman seemed to have an extraordinary influx of valuable ideas." In fact, Larkin began to fear that if Myrtle's entries had not kept pace with his own, it might prove a trifle embarrassing to have shown so much of his heart. If he only knew how often she had thought! He must know. With this determination he took the boat for Sandridge on the following morning. Myrtle was apparently surprised and pleased to see him, and their comparison of notes resulted in the following curious showing:

Myrtle's first thought: In her parlor; noon; gazing at sea; heard clock strike twelve; thought of experiment to begin at that hour, hence of Larkin.

Larkin's first thought: At 12 m. in elevator of office-building; nothing to suggest the thought.

Myrtle's second thought: Little after 2 p. m.; in sea-bathing; heard some one say "A lark in the water;" hence of Larkin.

Larkin's second thought: 2:16 p. m.; in office making calculation; no apparent origin. N. B. Had to go over his figures again.

Larkin's third thought: 3:24 p. m.; opening office-window; breath of salt air, suggesting sea, Sandridge, Myrtle.

Myrtle's third thought: 3:25 p. m.; on piazza; listening to general conversation; no apparent chain of thought leading to Larkin.

Myrtle's fourth thought: 6:13 p. m.; in dining-room; saw chair Larkin used to occupy.

Larkin's fourth thought: 6:13 p. m.; in elevated railway car; hanging to strap; talking politics; no apparent origin.

At 9:20 Larkin had an entry suggested by some slight incident. Myrtle has none to correspond; was probably waiting at that time. Remembers to have thought of Larkin once while dancing. Neither has she an entry agreeing with his of 7:32 the following morning, as she did not awaken until nearly eight. Recollected, however, that she seemed to have had an incoherent dream in which he figured. After this their entries corresponded up to Larkin's arrival at Sandridge.

This singular series of synchronous thoughts, without an exception which could not be accounted for, rendered them very enthusiastic. Their next endeavor, they determined, would be the transmission of definite ideas. Just how they would attempt this, Larkin had not clearly arranged before he took the evening boat.

Next day brought Mayhew on a flying trip to the city. He had two things to worry him—jealousy and debt—two of the sharpest thorns in life, and the pricking of these accounted for the hard, wearied look contrasting strikingly with his usual bland, unemotional mask. "Marriage with Myrtle would cure both evils," said he, morosely, to himself; "and no one in the way except that Larkin." Obtaining a grudging extension of his notes at the bank, he regained the street to hear his name called and find his hand grasped by an old school-mate.

"Why, Borden, how are you?" said he. "What brings you on up from the smooth meadows and Guernsey herds?"

"I'm going to build," was the reply. "Can you send me to a good architect?"

"I think so; yes, I know I can; but come to luncheon. I suppose the old mansion hardly squared with the modern ideas of the wife. Eh, Charlie? But tell me, is marriage a paying investment?"

"A hundred per cent.," was the enthusiastic reply. "Ned, you miss it; you are wasting years that might be your happiest, unless you have acted on my advice and are going to marry that lovely Miss—What is her name?"

"Manning?" suggested Mayhew.

"Ah, yes, Manning—Myrtle Manning. Why, her very name is a poem. Manning is smooth and Myrtle is sweet, and what a delicious combination! And her sister, too—there's a goddess for you. But tell me, have you taken my advice?"

"My friend," answered Mayhew, airily, "I am happy to state that for once you gave me the very best advice, and for once, I may add, good counsel has not been thrown away." He then sent his friend to Larkin. "He is one of the leaders of his profession; but, poor fellow, I fear he is paying the way for future sorrow. Few men can see Myrtle day after day without endangering their peace of mind. It would be a kindness to tell him of her engagement. I hardly like to do it myself, however."

"I'll give him a hint," said Borden; and so they parted.

It was a cruel blow for Larkin. "Engaged to Mayhew," he said to himself, again and again. "She knew—she must have known all the while—that I was building a castle whose fall would crush me. How one word will tincture years with bitterness!" He was too well poised, however, to be led into any aberration of action, and banishing as far as possible all thought of Myrtle, seeking forgetfulness in work and recreations novel to him, long weeks grew into long months, until nearly three had passed.

As for Myrtle, whatever she may have felt, she wore not her heart on her sleeve. She made no confidences. "A very commonplace affair," she

said to herself. "A man tires, finds other attractions, forgets; no pledges broken, no one to blame; my suffering is only the natural result of my action—not wrong, necessarily. It is not wrong to love; only dangerous." Once or twice Nannette found her alone with misty eyes. At such times she kissed her or held her hand in silence until tears ceased, and strengthened by a voiceless sympathy, her darkness had brightened into a quiet gray.

The fact was that Myrtle and Larkin were more *en rapport*, more necessary to each other, than most people who love. Each nature had found its complement in the other, as nearly perhaps as the hampering conditions of earth admit. They were the halves of a fractured gem, and altogether unlikely to find in any one else that union which could make the "perfect round," that love which is the fulfillment of the law. But this they knew not, nor yet, perhaps, the office of sorrowing in human lives.

At length, while lingering by a Northern lake, Myrtle broke down—gave up. "A low malarial fever," they said. Everything was done. But, in spite of their sleepless care, she seemed to grow feebler day by day.

Of this, Larkin knew nothing, and yet was not the least of sufferers in consequence. "Talk about forgetting," said he, to himself. "We read of it in books. 'It is necessary only,' they say, 'to occupy the attention with other objects.' Doubtless very true, but how do they do it when work is intolerable and what were pleasures have become impossible? I shall have to give up. It may be that my will is weakening, or I could throw off this—I know not what—this persistent, intruding suggestion of her. Can it be that she has been thinking of me for the past few days? If so, it must be that she wishes to see me. For what? Why not write me? Unconventional? It can't be that. Perhaps she cannot. She may be sick." He hurried from the office. "Miss Remsen will know where she is." She did know. Myrtle was at Clairmere a week ago.

"But is your business, then, so urgent?" she inquired, smiling, as Larkin rose to go.

"I desire to catch the first train," was the grave reply, as he took his leave.

Once on the way, he felt more at peace. It was like floating with the tide after a long, hard pull. "She has been drawing me with a long chain," he said to himself, "and the closer we approach, the lighter the weight upon me."

As this narrative deals with synchronous experiences, we must go back to Myrtle's bedside. After restless, burdened hours, she sank into a quieter sleep.

"A hopeful symptom," said the old doctor, "and an inexplicable one," he added to himself. "There has been no crisis."

Wakening, she inquired the time, smiled faintly, closed her eyes, and slept with but slight intervals until the following morning. Then, calling her sister to her side, she whispered, "Nannie, I am well enough to receive a caller to-day. Remember, dear," and she dozed again. Towards noon a faint rumble floated up on the misty Autumn air—up through the burning maples, through the shuttered casement, touching no ear save hers. Softly smiling, she asked that her pillows be piled higher. Later came the grinding of wheels upon the graveled roadway. "Nannie, dear," said she, "remember what I told you."

"Yes, sister," Nannie replied, in sad doubt and wonder, and walked to the window to hide her tears.

A few moments later came a soft knock and a card. "Bring the gentleman up," said Nannette. "Myrtle," she added, in astonishment, "Mr. Larkin will be here in a few minutes." She then arranged her sister's pillows and threw a soft wrap around her shoulders.

It was a worn, sleepless, eager face which bent over the bed, and a trembling hand that held the thin, white fingers.

"Has this been a terrible mistake, Myrtle? Have I wronged you with doubts?—I, who loved only you? Oh, my dear love!" he whispered, reading her answer in her happy tears, "life will seem too short to atone for an hour of your sorrow."

"This atones," Myrtle murmured, when, with closed eyes and clinging lips, she had felt her first long kiss.

A kiss is a lightning-flash from object to object. The electric equilibrium was restored; their conversation became normal.

"You didn't come until I was near to death," she said, smiling playfully.

"You did not call me until then," was the tender reply.

Then Nannette, hearing cheerful voices, came back from the window, and the good old doctor came, ahemmed, whistled and went out, his face a red study of delight and mortification.

"Love!" said he. "And I diagnosed the case for malarial fever. Malarial fiddlesticks! I am getting too old to practice."

"We did transmit definite ideas," said Myrtle. "I called you, and I knew that you were coming; it was a most successful experiment."

"The result was all that could be desired," answered Larkin, kissing her slyly, while Nannette was looking the other way.

THE "TRUCK" GARDENS AND MARKET.

ALL of arable Long Island may be said to serve as kitchen-gardens for New York and Brooklyn, sending down weekly hundreds of wagon-loads and car-loads of every variety of produce, from cauliflower to caraway-seed. North New Jersey is also to a considerable extent in the market competition, while Westchester County, to the north, sends down all her surplus fruits and vegetables; and hundreds of small kitchen-gardens, with their neat rows of green stuff looking like cards of assorted worsted, still diversify the upper portions of Manhattan Island itself, their

cultivators occupying, at a small rental, the innumerable "vacant lots," whose deeds and titles are running a high-priced career in the real-estate market. It is on the cityward end of Long Island, however, between Brooklyn and the shores of the broad, blue Jamaica Bay, that "truck farming" is to be seen in all its picturesqueness. Many a quaint old Dutch mansion of ante-Revolutionary days is occupied by the thrifty modern husbandman, who employs, during the late Summer and Autumn months, scores of the poorer men, women and children of the neighborhood to dig his potatoes, pick and shell his peas, gather his apples, and take care of his crops generally. The favorite job of the women and children is pea-picking, which pays them very well at twenty-five cents per bushel. Passing along the highway or the railroad at noon, one may see a whole family—father, mother, sons and daughters, and perhaps a baby asleep in a weather-beaten perambulator—enjoying dinner around a species of camp-fire in the open fields. Sometimes Italian laborers are found roasting corn and chestnuts under the trees. The men and boys do the rougher work of digging the potatoes, carrots, turnips, etc. With most of the farmers the potato crop is chief among the staple products. The receipts of potatoes in New York city from October 1, 1887, to June 16, 1888, were no less than 1,502,001 barrels. Over half of these, indeed, were imported from Great Britain and Germany—not because the home supply was short, as large quantities of domestic potatoes rotted in cellars and canals, for want of a remunerative market, but because labor is very cheap in Europe, and the steamship freight is only eighteen to twenty-five cents per barrel. With the duty at fifteen cents per bushel, the foreign producer can deliver and sell potatoes here as low as \$1.50 per barrel, while with labor, land and freight transportation at their present prices in this country, most farmers claim that they must have a market as high as \$2 to make money.

There is a regular potato-market in New York, but a large quantity of potatoes come to the great Gansevoort, or West Washington, Market in the mighty wagons, along with the cabbages, cauliflower, beets, turnips, carrots, celery, onions, peppers, parsley, spinach, and other products innumerable. These wagons are packed on the fields, and driven in the evening to the city, where the horses are usually stabled, and the drivers and farmers go to a lodging-house, to be in readiness at daybreak the next morning. Formerly the market-farmers were obliged to straggle along the gutters in the down-town streets, while the wholesale and stand business was located in the dilapidated quarters about down-town Washington Market. For some years past, better accommodations have been furnished the wagons, in the spacious square bounded by Gansevoort, West, Bloomfield and Washington Streets, in the western part of the city, near the North River. The present season has witnessed the completion, on the tract adjoining this square to the west, of a set of ten new and handsome brick buildings, each 50 feet wide by 450 feet long, to be occupied as wholesale market pavilions. The gables and towers of these structures fittingly close in the broad perspective of the paved square, which is divided by flag sidewalks and electric-light poles into eight roadways, each 500 feet long and 30 feet wide. Fully 600 wagons can be, and are, accommodated here, every Friday evening and Saturday morning, when the masses of color in the various vegetables, the blanketed horses, the energetic dealers, the circulating throngs of buyers, and the grocery wagons, with the glittering radiance of the electric lights falling over all, make up a picture unsurpassed by any of the great markets of the country.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

JUNE has its roses, and November its chrysanthemums. The imperial Autumn flower is absolutely bewildering in the wonderful variety of forms and colors which it assumes. To see the chrysanthemum family in full and gorgeous parade, it is incumbent upon every lover of flowers to visit one of the great shows that belong to this season of the year. Few, if any, have been finer than the third annual exhibition of the New Jersey Floricultural Society, at the Harrison Street Rink in East Orange, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. A large set piece of rich-leaved exotic plants in the centre of the rink brought out effectively the vivid colors of the surrounding sea of blooms, which included almost every known variety of chrysanthemums, together with a display of orchids and other flowers. Many new varieties were shown. The star exhibit, and a special prize winner, was the famous "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy" plant, of which several blooms were shown. This famous chrysanthemum, which was originally sent from Japan to Mrs. Hardy, of Boston, was purchased last Spring by Messrs. Pitcher & Manda, of the United States Nurseries, Short Hills, N. J., who paid \$1,500 for it, thus securing the only known specimen. The plant is of the Japanese incurve variety, pure white in color, with long petals of good substance, furnished on the outside with fine hair, which gives the flower a peculiar feathery appearance.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

EXPLORATION OF THE CHACO.

We reproduce two pictures from the collection lately brought to Paris by M. Thourar, the intrepid explorer (under commission from the Argentine and Bolivian Governments) of the Grand Chaco Desert region of South America, extending along the boundaries of those two republics, between the Paraguay River on the east, and its tributary, the Pilcomayo, on the west. On the latter stream, in Bolivia, is situated the now flourishing Crevaux colony, established in 1883 by the unfortunate Dr. Crevaux, who was afterwards killed by the Indians. M. Thourar was with Crevaux in 1883; and in his three subsequent voyages has passed through many perilous adventures, including a number of sanguinary combats with the hostile Toba Indians of the Chaco Desert.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF "FREDERICK THE NOBLE."

Last month, on the anniversary of the late Emperor Frederick's birth, the Dowager-Empress laid the foundation-stone of the mausoleum at Potsdam, which is to contain her husband's remains, and those of his two sons, Waldemar and Sigismund. The ceremony was private, the Empress Frederick, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Meiningen, the three young Princesses, the Crown Prince of Greece and Prince Frederick Charles being the chief personages present. The site is just behind the Friedenskirche, and the mauso-

leum, according to the late Emperor's express desire, will be a reproduction of the diminutive chapel at Innichen in the Tyrol, itself a replica of the Holy Sepulchre Church at Jerusalem. The ceremony was exceedingly simple. After several documents had been read, the stone was lowered, the choir singing the 126th Psalm. The Court Chaplains delivered addresses, the anthem "Christ is the Resurrection and the Life" was next sung, and the Empress laid the stone in the orthodox fashion, with trowel and mallet.

BALLOONS AT THE TUILERIES.

At the series of charity fetes held recently on the site of the ruined Palace of the Tuileries, in Paris, for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire in French Guiana, great interest was aroused by the balloon races. On two successive Sundays eight or ten balloons traveled in competition from the Tuileries to a given point, the latest goal being Chevreuse, in the Seine-et-Oise, forty miles away. M. Godard, the well-known aeronaut, won on both occasions, and as he was successful the first time by ascending to a great height, and on the second by taking an entirely opposite course and keeping very low, competent judges feel convinced that balloons can be steered and guided up to a certain point, provided the atmosphere is moderately still.

POPE AND EMPEROR.

The now historic visit of the Emperor William II. of Germany to the Pope, during his tour in Italy last month, is depicted in the picture which we reproduce from *L'Illustration*. The moment chosen is that when Leo XIII., receiving the Emperor at the door of his private apartments in the Vatican, in the presence of nobles and prelates, invites him to a *table-a-tête* interview.

ALBATROSS-HUNTERS.

The Ancient Mariner's superstition about killing the albatross does not, apparently, prevail among the Auckland hunters. Fishing for the birds on board ship is a difficult matter, for there is, first, the anxiety as to whether the bird will take the bait; and secondly, there generally is some hauling to get it on board. But on *terra firma*, and especially in the Auckland and other uninhabited islands, where, owing to their being so infrequently visited, very little stratagem is needed, they are so tame that sometimes they can easily be knocked over with a stick. The albatross belongs to the genus *Dromedea*, and is one of the largest web-footed birds, frequently weighing up to thirty pounds. Its spread of wing is enormous, frequently extending over seventeen feet; and thus provided, it can traverse great distances without inconvenience, which accounts for its often being found several thousand miles from land. The bird is not of much value, the long bones in the wings being mainly used for pipe stems.

GROWTH OF OUR MEXICAN TRADE.

OFFICIAL statistics show the total exports from Mexico for the fiscal year ending June last amounted to \$48,885,908, and that the United States took 63 per cent. of the whole, while England and other European nations took only 37 per cent. The United States took in the previous fiscal year 56 per cent., showing that the trade between the two countries is growing with great rapidity. Three-quarters of all products other than precious metals are sold in the United States, and this country is the main reliance of the Mexican farmers in their efforts to enlarge their market. Leading Germans in Mexico admit that the United States is absorbing the bulk of the Mexican trade, and this is why newspapers there published in the interests of the European trade so bitterly denounce the United States, for they see the commercial supremacy of the Europeans in the Mexican trade departing. This year all custom-houses whence exports are made to the United States show heavy gains.

THE SACKVILLE EPISODE.

The papers in the Sackville case were laid before the British Parliament last week. The first is a letter from Lord Salisbury to Lord Sackville, and is dated October 27th. It is as follows:

"Mr. Phelps, who is staying at my house, informs me that Mr. Bayard's request for your recall is not based upon the letter to Murchison, but upon a newspaper interview. I replied that I was glad it was not true that the request was due to the writing of the letter, which was made public only by a betrayal of confidence, and it was hardly practicable to lay down the principle that a diplomatic representative should be prohibited from expressing, even privately, any opinion upon events passing in the country to which he is accredited. The language of an interview is different. You must be taken as having intended it for publication. Before admitting the need for a recall I was bound, in justice to you, to know exactly what the alleged objectionable language was. I therefore asked Mr. Phelps for a copy of the interview, in order to ascertain from you whether you had been accurately reported, and I told him that I would then bring the matter before my colleagues. Mr. Phelps replied that he had not received the text of the interview, but would take steps to procure it. It was consequently understood that until the copy was received there should be no answer to the request for your recall."

Lord Sackville replied on the 28th of October as follows:

"The letter which I answered was a political Republican plot. I have mailed a full explanation of it to you. If my recall is demanded, it is due to the elections here. I beg to express my deep regrets for what has occurred."

On the 30th Lord Sackville cabled that he had received his passports. On the 31st Mr. Phelps informed Lord Salisbury of the same fact, and added that Mr. Cleveland hoped that another Minister would be accredited. On the 4th of November Lord Salisbury received a letter mailed by Lord Sackville on October 26th, inclosing letters, etc. Lord Sackville said:

"I have certain information that the Murchison letter was fictitious, and was concocted by a well-known firm in conjunction with the Republican National Committee at New York. It was sent from Southern California, to prevent suspicion. Mr. Bayard, whom I saw to-day, said that he regretted the incident very much, and accepted my disclaimer that it was neither my thought or intention to interfere in the domestic policy of the country. It was a campaign trap; but he frankly told me that I had been indiscreet. I expressed my deep regret for the incident, and Mr. Bayard assured me that he bore me no ill-will."

On the 31st of October Lord Sackville cabled Lord Salisbury: "I must beg to repudiate Mr. Bayard's statement of the reasons for my dismissal as an unjust attack upon my integrity." Lord Salisbury on the same day cabled to Lord

Sackville to place Mr. Herbert as senior secretary on the spot in charge of the legation.

On November 1st Lord Salisbury communicated with Minister Phelps. He referred to the latter's promise to procure a copy of the obnoxious interview made by the British Minister at Washington, and added that, having no further information as to what Lord Sackville's speeches contained or to whom they were made, he was unable to form any judgment upon the considerations which dictated the request for his recall or the forwarding of passports to him.

Mr. Phelps replied to the note on the next day. He said:

"My recollection of what passed in our conversation on Saturday differs slightly from yours in one particular. It was no, intended to be understood that the letter written by Lord Sackville formed no part of the reasons for the request for his recall. I did say in my remarks that the newspaper interview was the principal reason. I am still without a copy of the interview. I sent to Mr. Bayard a copy of your Lordship's note requesting the full details of the language and direct circumstances of the interview."

ROOM FOR PROGRESS.

THE *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* says: "Progress in the way of humanizing the relations of the two races at the South nowhere goes on more slowly than with the Churches. In the cars a negro begins to have a show of relief from ostracism. The conductor of a train running through the South no longer considers himself the servant of a class and caste, but of the whole people; and, as a rule, will do his duty by all colors. But the preachers are not equal to the occasion. A minister writes to a Nashville paper that a negro, anxious to hear preaching, but hard of hearing, hired a buggy and drove up to the window outside of the pulpit. The brethren discussed whether he ought not to be invited inside and near the front, where he could hear. They concluded not to do it. That old darky need not worry if he does not hear the gospel of these brothers. He will be quite safe without it."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TO HARDEN plaster-of-paris add 5 to 10 per cent. of hydraulic cement to the plaster before wetting. Five per cent. of finely ground sulphate of potassium will give even a greater degree of hardness.

M. VARIOT gives a method of getting rid of tattoo-marks which causes but little pain and leaves no deformity. He simply punctures the skin over the mark with fine needles, and introduces a little tannin, and then touches the parts with a strong solution of nitrate of silver; this forms a tannate-of-silver scab that falls off soon, and the mark goes away with it.

A TON of coal yields about 8,000 cubic feet of gas and 1,500 pounds of coke. The purification of gas furnishes forty-five gallons of ammonia-water, from which is obtained sulphate of ammonia for agricultural purposes and about 130 pounds of tar. It is here that the operation becomes especially interesting, for from this last-named product are obtained 70 pounds of pitch, 18 pounds of creosote, 9 of naphtha, 13 of heavy oils, 6 of naphthalene, 4 of naphthol, 2 of alizarine, and about 1 each of phenol, aurine and aniline (the substance to which we are indebted for such wonderful colors), 10 ounces of toluidine, 6 of anthracene and 12 of toluene.

THE color known as ultramarine was formerly the powder of the precious mineral lapis-lazuli, which is essentially a silicate of alumina with varying quantities of soda, sulphuric acid and sulphur. It was, and is now to some extent, used as a pigment by artists, but for most purposes the artificial ultramarine is used, which is made in immense quantities and at very low cost. It is prepared by heating together a mixture of clay, carbonate of soda, sulphur and charcoal, and afterwards roasting repeatedly with additional quantities of sulphur. The formula 2 (Na₂Al₂Si₂O₈) N₂S₂ has been assigned to it, but the actual composition is uncertain.

BERLIN engineers have adopted two different systems for diminishing the noise of trains on their viaducts. One is, to bolt to the bridge structure long troughs of sheet-iron, about sixteen inches wide, so arranged that a rail will come in the centre of each. The troughs are then filled with gravel, in the middle of which is buried the longitudinal timber carrying the rail; and the space between the troughs is covered with iron plates, on which is spread a thin layer of gravel. The second method, which is found to be more efficient than the other, consists in placing a continuous series of shallow iron troughs, about five feet square, along the line of tracks. These are filled with gravel, on which the ties and rails are laid.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Northwestern Railroad advances a curious theory for the increasing prevalence of floods and rain-storms. He says that there are over 30,000 locomotives in use in North America, and estimates that from them alone over 53,000,000,000 cubic yards of vapor are sent into the atmosphere every week, to be returned in the form of rain, or over 7,000,000,000 cubic yards a day—"quite enough," he says, "to produce a good rainfall" every twenty-four hours. Estimating the number of other non-condensing engines in use as eight times the number of locomotives, the total vapor thus projected into the air every week in this country amounts to 470,000,000,000 cubic yards. "Is this not," he asks, "sufficient for the floods of terror? Is there any reason to wonder why our storms are so damaging?"

At the general meeting of the Council of the French Meteorological Office, Admiral Cloué, Vice-president, stated that the service of weather forecasts during the past year had reached 90 per cent. of successes, a figure never before surpassed. The number of climatological stations from which reports are regularly received is 143. Among the foreign stations, two are being established in Madagascar. As an encouragement to observers on board ship, sixteen gold medals were presented during the year, for the best log-books received. Telegrams from America are regularly received, and include reports of storms, etc., met by ships in the Atlantic. M. Mascart stated that the work of the Departmental Commissions continued to improve each year, and that now there were only six departments which had not special Commissions. M. Vauquelin gave an interesting account of the observation of thunderstorms and of the photography of clouds and lightning on the Pic-du-Midi, and M. Janssen urged the importance of cloud-photography at regular intervals, and of a systematic study of cloud formations and modifications.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Catholics of Australia and India have presented the Pope with \$1,000,000.

DURING the late political campaign, 20,000 Republican speeches were made in Indiana in eight weeks.

Jews will not hereafter be allowed to change their names or to reside in St. Petersburg without a permit.

It is estimated that the total wagers in New York on the result of the late election amounted to \$2,000,000.

THE Prohibition vote in the State of New York, last week, reached only 27,500, against 36,000 in 1886, and 41,800 in 1887.

In Chicago, 72,239 out of 133,937 voters registered last week were native born; 23,001 were Germans, 13,773 Irish, 4,357 Swedes, etc.

THE Persian name for Americans is Yange-Doon-ya, which means a dweller of the new world. The first word sounds very much like Yankee in pronunciation.

PARIS is excited over the announcement that Patti will create the rôle of *Juliette* at the production of Gounod's new work in the Grand Opera. Gounod will conduct the orchestra.

ENGLISH and German gunboats have been ordered to Formosa to protect the interests of foreigners there. A rebellion has broken out among the Chinese residents against excessive taxation.

THE English Currency Commission has finally made its report. It advocates the co-operation of England with the United States, Germany and the Latin Union to secure the restoration of bi-metalism.

THE Parliamentary Committee appointed to consider a revision of the French Constitution has decided, by a vote of six to four, in favor of revision by a specially convoked Constituent Assembly.

THE Russian Government has notified the Porte that should the divorce of King Milan of Serbia cause troubles which would lead to the occupation of Serbia by Austria, Russia will consider herself released from her obligation not to occupy Bulgaria.

PRINCETON COLLEGE has received the gift of \$80,000 from personal friends of its President, Mrs. Susan D. Brown, of Princeton, gave \$50,000 of this amount, with the stipulation that it is to be used in building a new dormitory, or for any other purpose Dr. Patton deems best.

THE Holy Office at Rome is endeavoring to decide whether or not a penitent can confess and be absolved by telephone. The French Bishops have decided against it; but appeals have been made from their authority; and it has long been admitted that the Pope can bless by telegraph.

MR. GLADSTONE, during a recent speech in Birmingham, said that the Sackville incident had resulted in the infliction of a serious slight and disparagement upon England. In an address to a deputation which waited upon him in Birmingham, Mr. Gladstone said he considered it his duty to remain in public life until the Irish question was definitely settled.

THE new Army Bills maintain the war strength of the Austrian Army at 800,000. It is provided that the Landwehr shall assist in the field, the Landsturm serving for garrison and local defense. For the next decade it is proposed to recruit for the Army and the Landwehr 125,000 men yearly. The term of service is raised to twelve years. A second naval reserve will be created.

MRS. JUDGE HIRSCH, of Navarro County, Texas, gave birth to six children on the afternoon of Saturday, November 3d. A reporter, three days later, visiting the homestead, found about one hundred people present, all examining the brood of babies. There are four boys and two girls. The father, George Hirsch, is thirty-one, and his wife twenty-seven. They have been married five years, and have three children besides the recent accession.

At a recent meeting of the Overseers of Harvard University it was voted that the Committee on Government be requested "to consider and report promptly to the Board upon the advisability of making attendance at daily prayers, or at roll-call, for those who do not wish to attend prayers, compulsory; also, upon the advisability of making attendance upon recitations and lectures compulsory, and to report whether, in their opinion, further action is necessary in regard to the general rules affecting discipline and studies in the University."

KING MILAN of Serbia is industriously cultivating popularity among his people by his scheme for revising the Constitution. Torchlight processions have been organized in his honor, all kinds of political parties in Belgrade are cheering him, and the newspapers are proud of the speech in which he told the merchants that he should devote his life to making the Serbian nation happy. The King of Serbia is called a very able hypocrite, and, as he has strong Austrian backing, he is apt to prosper. Queen Nathalie, whom he so unceremoniously divorced, continues to protest against the arbitrary decree; but little attention has thus far been paid to her appeals.

At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Anthropology an address was made by Viroqua, Princess of the Six Nations of the Mohawks, who live on the Grand River Reservation. Her address was in regard to an Indian College which she is endeavoring to have established at Washington. Colonel Jaquess, a wealthy Philadelphian, who has been living in England for the last ten years, has promised to contribute \$1,000,000 towards such an institution on the condition that \$2,000,000 more are raised in this country. The princess is quite confident of her success in the attainment of her object, and is going to lecture on the subject in various parts of the country.

At the opening of the British Parliament, last week, Lord Salisbury stated that Germany had invited England to co-operate with her in the work of preventing more effectively the exportation of slaves from and the importation of arms to East Africa. England had promised to aid in the work, as it was in accordance with her traditional policy. The proposed measures would be effected by a naval force, and not a military one. France had also agreed to render assistance, and would send a man-of-war to co-operate with the German and English vessels in a blockade against slave and arms bearing vessels. The vessels forming the blockade would have the right to search vessels under any flag. Italy and Portugal also propose to co-operate.



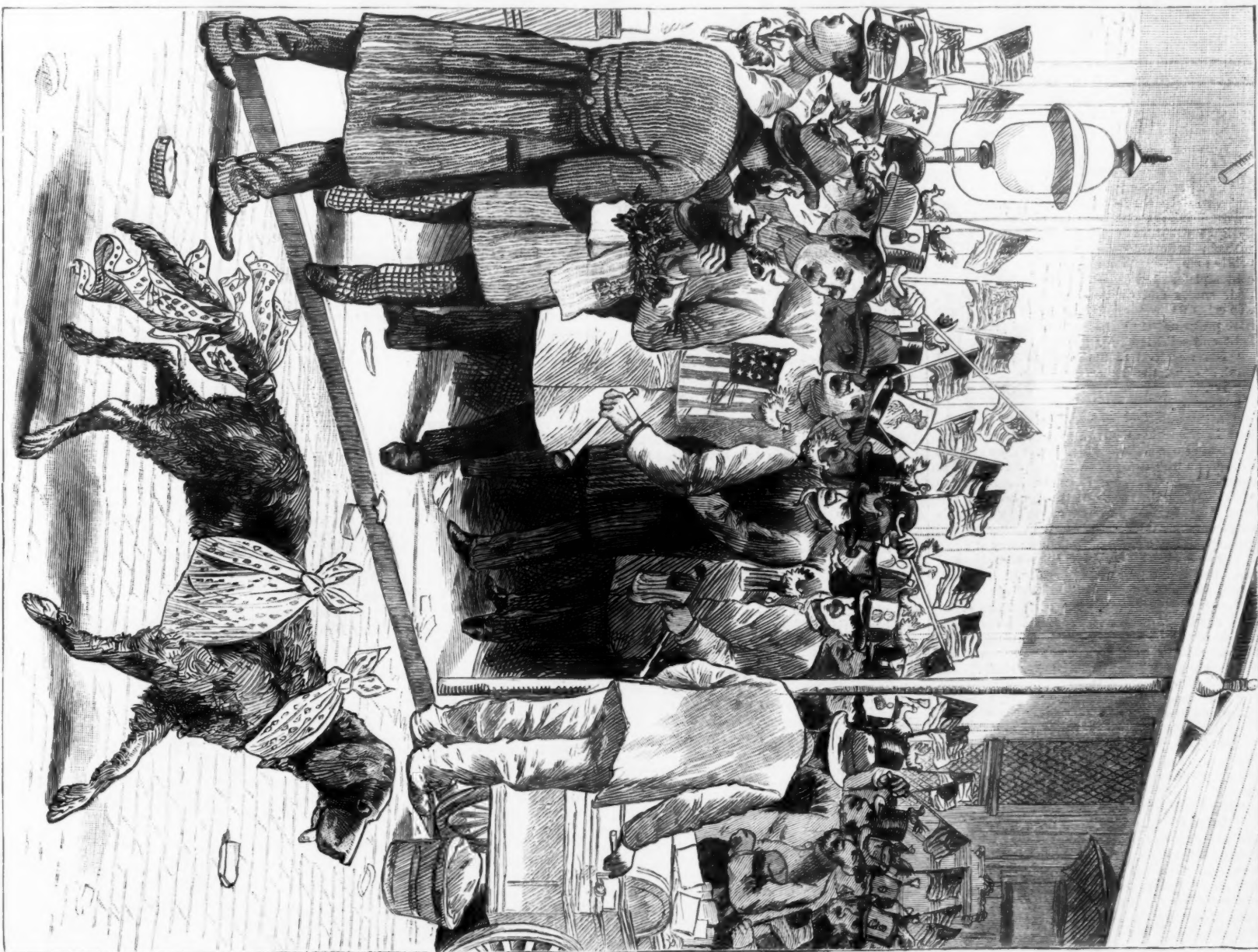
MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.

THE NEXT NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION—THE COMING LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

FROM PHOTOS, BY W. H. POTTER.—SEE PAGE 222.



MRS. J. R. M'KEE, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL HARRISON.



NEW YORK CITY.—A STREET SCENE ON THE MORNING AFTER THE ELECTION.—REJOICING REPUBLICANS AND THE MUGWUMP DOG.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 223.



NEW JERSEY.—THIRD ANNUAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW OF THE NEW JERSEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT ORANGE.
A MAGNIFICENT FLORAL DISPLAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 219.

For Dayber's Echo.

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

BOTH men were growing careless—reckless. Neither knew of anything he was likely to gain by a quarrel there and then. Each believed that it would be to his advantage to wait until he could have everything exactly as he wished; both knew that the chances were too nearly even, now, to make a contest pleasant to contemplate. But their words grew less guarded; their sneers and threats became more evident. The crisis was coming, though either would gladly have postponed it to another time and place—daylight and solid land, for instance.

"You remained in the West until recently, I think?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the mines, of course. There are some objects in life which demand money, much money. There are some endings which can only be reached by the man who can pay cash, and plenty of it, at every step he takes. It is better, far better, to work hard and earn the means for carrying out some fully formed purpose, though it demands years of labor, than to sit down in idleness and mourn that one cannot have his own way at once. It is much better than to try prematurely—and fail. So I labored, until I was rich. So I worked, until I had money for everything I might fancy—money for so peculiar a piece of realty as Valley Park Academy, for instance. But I never forgot you in all those years, Royal Noble; I never lost my interest in you. Can you doubt me, Peter Pillah, when I tell you that I never shall?"

The doctor shook his head.

"You came East suddenly when you heard of Lionel Dayber's will?"

"I didn't wait for that. I first read an account of the peculiar will the fellow made, when I was sitting in a hotel not a dozen miles from Dayber's Echo. I started East the moment I heard of his death."

"It's remarkable that you heard of it so soon."

"Not very. Though I've never seen him since you were kind enough to give me an excuse for leaving Golden Slope," and he touched his long wide scar with his forefinger, as we have seen him do several times already, and slowly traced out the whole horrid length of it, "I have managed to keep track of him and his whereabouts. When he came home—to die," as he himself said—I sent in my subscription to your very excellent local paper. One week it said he was better; another, that he was worse; and so on; and I simply worked on as industriously as ever. I reasoned with myself that though it is inevitable that every man should die—sometimes—that it will be a hard matter, and a slow one—unless he has skillful medical assistance!"

"You—you mean—"

"Pardon the joke. Suffice it to say I waited. But when the paper said, giving you for authority, that Lionel Dayber could live for only a few days, I started. I was within less than a hundred miles of Dayber's Lane when he died. I'd have reached there long before, if a stupid engineer had not blundered into an accident in the darkness and storm. And I fully meant to have been at Dayber's Echo when he died."

"I suppose you mean at Dayber's Lane?"

"I mean at Dayber's Echo. That was a new notion I had conceived during my journey. I thought possibly I might have something interesting to say to him; I could at least have asked his forgiveness for attempting his life."

"Ye-es."

"And possibly have had some influence over him in regard to his will. Though I don't see how it could have been arranged better than it was."

"No-o-o."

"No, indeed."

"I suppose that depends upon the point of view. We can discuss that later—"

"After you've seen Valley Park Academy—and know my price for it?"

"Yes."

"Very well."

"I say, Prettyman, you seem to take a great interest in the Daybers?"

"I do."

"I always have. My interest dates back as far as the time when you told me that you were the husband of the runaway Della whom they searched for so long, and never found. It will last—until—"

"Until you die. Is that it?"

"As long as that, at least. Possibly longer. Do you know, my dear doctor, I am consumed with curiosity regarding some of those same Daybers at this very moment?"

"Indeed? And is there no way in which it can be satisfied?"

"There's a possible way; I don't know whether it's a very probable one. You can satisfy it, if you will."

"It will give me the greatest pleasure—"

"I wouldn't promise, if I were you; you might be tempted to break your word."

"So I might. And I despise a liar."

"So do I."

"Certainly. Well, well, ask your questions—at least."

"I will," said Prince Prettyman, quietly. The voices of both the men were low and calm; if either guessed the horror of the coming crisis, nothing in the tones of either showed it; if both were becoming so desperate as to welcome a struggle—a wordy one, at least—a listener would not

have guessed it. "I will. You were the physician not only of Lionel, but of his father, were you not?"

"I was."

"Well, then," cried the man, his voice ringing out clear and distinct as a bell, "I want to know whether you poisoned both of them, or only one?"

The doctor quietly took the oars into the boat. He sat and looked his antagonist squarely in the face. His eyes glittered wickedly. His face was pale as death.

For some few minutes neither man moved. To have made a motion towards a weapon would have been to precipitate a struggle which would have had little hope in it for either, floating so far from land and help as they were. For some minutes neither man spoke. What was there left to say? To question? To assert?

"I'll answer your question, Prince Prettyman," said Dr. Pillah, quietly, after a silence so long that one might have wondered whether either could remember exactly what the question had been, "and I'll answer it truly—"

"Thank you."

"After you've answered one for me."

"That's only fair. Ask your question."

"I will. This is it: Have you deeded Valley Park Academy to Della yet?"

"Curse her!—and curse you!" snarled Prince Prettyman, wolfishly. "So she's dared to tell you that, has she? So you two have dared to laugh at me, and about your cowardly crimes, have you? I swore long ago that you should never be the possessor of Dayber's Echo. Now, I swear she never shall."

He caught a folded document from his pocket. He tried to tear it in two. It was too tough to give way under the strength of his first attempt, and before he could make a second trial, Pillah was upon him. The hands of the two men writhed and struggled over the paper. The sharp stone in a heavy ring Pillah wore cut the hands of both, and their hot blood stained the sheet for which they fought.

But this could not last long. One side or the other must win soon, when battle raged in so narrow and frail a battleground as this rocking and reeling boat. Accident favored the doctor. Prettyman stumbled over one of the thwart of the boat. He threw up his hands in an instinctive effort to save himself. One moment, his chances were as good as Pillah's. The next moment, he had none. The doctor caught the precious document from the river, going down upon his knees in the boat to get it. Unsafe? Not at all. Prince Prettyman was in the river!

I am not quite sure what Peter Pillah would have done under all the possible circumstances which might have followed Prettyman's involuntary plunge. Another man might have fired at the scarred face of his foe, turned appealingly his way; it would have taken a man with an utterly depraved heart—an utterly lost soul—to have done it; it would have demanded a strangely cruel sort of courage to have sent a pistol-ball towards the livid scar which showed so plainly in the darkness; be his reason what it may, the doctor did not fire.

What would the doctor have done?

Who but God can say?

I do not think he would have hindered his helpless enemy, if he had started to swim for either shore, and a prompt trial of that sort, uninterrupted and uninterfered with, would undoubtedly have saved the life of so skillful a swimmer as was Prince Prettyman.

I doubt if the blade of an oar would have fallen heavily upon either the head or the hand of the man in the water if he had suddenly grasped the side of the boat. On the contrary, as a matter of ordinary personal prudence, I think the doctor would have helped the fellow into the boat.

But Prince Prettyman did not start for either shore. He only glanced that way, shook his head, shut his teeth in agony, and gave up that hope.

And he fell too far out to reach the boat when he first came to the surface.

After that—

It did not take many strokes with the oars, nor frequent ones, to keep the boat out of the swimmer's reach. And Peter Pillah tried vainly to make his own soul believe his lying logic—when he said that he did not dare rescue this wretched man.

How long will it take to tire out a strong swimmer? Alas! not very long. How soon did Prince Prettyman realize that he had thrown away his only chance?—that he had not the strength left to reach the river-bank alive, and that his enemy would never let him reach the boat? It was very, very soon.

The drowning man had not spoken until then. He had been husbarding his powers. But now he cried out in his agony and despair:

"For God's sake, Dr. Pillah!"

The doctor laughed. He tried to convince himself that he was growing hysterical, and could not help it. Perhaps he was right. But his better self called his other self a liar and a coward.

"You—you surely will not murder me?" gasped the dying wolf-man.

"I have nothing to do with that. You fell over. I did not throw you into the river."

"But to let me die—here—so— Royal Noble, in your place, with you in mine, God knows I'd save you."

"Yes; so do I."

"And you—you—"

"I don't know. I am considering the matter."

"Liar—"

"Thank you."

"Coward—"

"You compliment me."

"Murderer—"

"I am greatly obliged for your frankness."

The strength of the clothing-hampered swimmer was going fast. He was sinking lower into the water. The ripples from Pillah's oars broke over

his face oftener. He could catch a gasping breath less and less frequently.

He came nearer to the boat, nearer, nearer—he could almost reach it—almost— Hope sprang up anew in his heart, and shone again in his face. After all, Pillah was going to save him. He was promising himself the pleasure of forgiving this man who would be merciful at the last. He was saying that he would pardon not only the cruel torture of this recent time—this devilish playing with his feelings of which Pillah had been guilty—but that he would freely wipe out the score of long ago—in favor of the man who was now about to extend to him a helping hand. He would give Peter a deed to Valley Park Academy. He would absolve Della from her oath. He would go away, where he would never again be tempted to harm the man he had known as Royal Noble, and spend the remainder of his years in thinking of how much a man will give for his life. He—

But he went no further. And I cannot say whether he would have kept these unvoiced promises, made under the very shadow of the gateway to another world, or whether renewed life would have endowed him with strength to break them. The doctor's oars struck the water; the liquid dashed in the face and eyes of Prince Prettyman. When he could see again, the boat was a dozen yards away, and help as hopeless as ever.

The doomed man, ceasing his struggles, swam no more; he turned his pale face towards the stars; he prayed aloud, in his agony—not a prayer for life, not a prayer for peace and pardon—but a wild and almost incoherent appeal for vengeance.

"God," he cried, "forbid that this man should gain anything by this cruel murder. Sow the seeds of failure in every path in which he walks. Keep the lands they would steal, and the estate they would plunder, forever from his red hands—or those of his wife. Rise in strength—and sweep—Valley—Park—Academy—from—the—face—of—the—earth—and—"

That was all. There was nothing, now, where a moment ago the frightened face of Prince Prettyman shone white and agonized above the swelling waters of the great river. There was silence, now, unbroken save by the wash of water along the sides of the boat, and the monotonous moan of the wind along the far-away and lonely shores, where a moment ago a dying man was calling upon God to bear witness to his dying curse. Dr. Pillah was alone—with the night, the river and the sky—as much alone as any man can be and not be beyond the bounds of the Universe of God. A few bubbles rose to the surface, lingered for a second—until the recording angels had noted and counted them, perhaps—then broke, and were gone for ever. That was all.

Row to and fro, up and down, Peter Pillah, crossing again and again that terror-haunted spot where you saw an expiring man's breath break in bubbles on the river's breast! Row rapidly, madly, frenziedly! Row until the perspiration starts from every pore, and runs down your face in streams! Row hour after hour, until the glow in the east admonishes you that your way to safety—from others—lies through the tortuous ways of the trackless swamps! Row, row, row! You will find nothing! You will find nothing—if Eternal Justice were to condemn you to row up and down here forever! You will not see Prince Prettyman! No one else will see him! He has gone beyond your power to help or harm him! He will drift away to some lonely bar, far down the river. His poor drowned body will lodge there, and sink slowly to decay—but not until his sightless eyes, turned heavenwards, have pathetically demanded vengeance. His bones will bleach under the burning suns of a Southern Summer, and glitter in the moonlight of the Winter nights. But no one will see them. No one will suspect anything. Is that not the least hard of all the parts of punishment? Will not the time come when you would find suspicion welcome, and proof almost a relief?

The bony symbols of humanity's mortality will sink away into nothingness. No one will have seen them—no one with mortal eyes. Their particles will go to feed the flowers upon the river's bank, and the result of their chemical potentiality will flash and nod in the sunshine, radiant with every hue the evening rainbow paints upon the eastern sky.

The flowers they fed will die, and their waste will in time give sustenance to other forms of life and beauty. And so it will go, Peter Pillah, beneath the sun which no longer shines for the man you have slain. Long cycles of years will pass; ages will go by; and still the elemental might which so expressed itself in the face of Prince Prettyman, in his words and actions, will not have lost an iota of its power. The earth will change; stars will perish out of the heavens, and new orbs will be set by the Creative Hand in the brilliant crown of night; the dust of more generations of men than the sands of the seashore can number will have covered you away from the memory of men, and the language you spoke and civilization you knew will have vanished in the darkness of an unknown and an unguessed past. And still, no man will have known the fate of the wolf-faced man who was called Prince Prettyman. And still, the endless law of the correlation of forces will have permitted no portion of the power which once thrilled his brain and heart to have fallen down the midnight sides of the chasm of chaos!

Do you begin to see the lesson in all this, Peter Pillah? Do you begin to catch a glimpse of the dreadful day in which you must act a craven's part? Do you begin to realize the responsibilities of living in an universe in which nothing is ever lost? As sure as you live, as sure as you must die, so surely you will meet Prince Prettyman again—millions of ages from now. What will you do then, Peter Pillah? What can you do? Will you stand there, in the light of a burning universe,

and try to tell Omniscience that you did not mean to let this man die?

Go! The morning is almost here. Pull for the shore. Pull as you never pulled before. Stand knee-deep in the water, and push the boat out into the stream, starting it on its long voyage to the sea, fearful to have it even seen by men who ever knew Prince Prettyman or you—lest it should have some mute tale to dumbly tell of his misfortune, and of yours. Hurry away through the swamps, scaring the birds and the beasts by the horror on your face more than your hasty footsteps could ever frighten them. Stop, when you dare, for a look at the document which has cost so much. Then on again, facing the scorching sun of morning, while you try to determine what the night has profited you!

Go! Go home! Will you ever find a homelike place in all the earth again? I shall not wonder much if it comes into the heart of Gerald Graeme to pity you—to pity you for your fears of the dark corners of existence, and your dread of having no society but your own!

(To be continued.)

THE LATE ELECTION.

SUCCESS OF THE REPUBLICANS.

THE Republican party is again to come into control of the Government. In the election of Tuesday, Nov. 6th, General Harrison received a decided majority in the Electoral College, and on March 4th next Mr. Cleveland will step down from the Presidency in his favor. The result, while not altogether unexpected by the impartial observer, has created a profound sensation throughout the country, but has been received, on the whole, with greater satisfaction than was perhaps anticipated. The Republicans carry all the States in which they were successful in 1884, and also secure New York, Indiana and West Virginia, coming within a few hundreds also of carrying Connecticut. In New York, their majority is about 12,000, and in Indiana, where the contest was the fiercest on record, about 3,000. The Republicans have both branches of the New York Legislature by decided majorities, but Governor Hill is re-elected by a plurality of 17,000. In New York city, Hugh J. Grant, the Tammany candidate, is elected Mayor by 112,582 to 72,911 for Erhardt (Republican), 71,785 for Hewitt (County Democrat) and 9,873 for Coogan (Labor). The total vote in New York city on President was as follows: Cleveland, 162,963; Harrison, 105,750; Fisk (Prohibition), 1,293; Cowdrey (Labor), 1,559.

The following table shows the result in the Electoral College:

CLEVELAND.		HARRISON.	
States.	Votes.	States.	Votes.
Alabama.....	10	California.....	8
Arkansas.....	7	Colorado.....	3
Connecticut.....	7	Illinois.....	22
Delaware.....	3	Indiana.....	15
Florida.....	4	Iowa.....	13
Georgia.....	12	Kansas.....	9
Kentucky.....	13	Maine.....	6
Louisiana.....	8	Massachusetts.....	14
Maryland.....	8	Michigan.....	13
Mississippi.....	9	Minnesota.....	7
Missouri.....	16	Nebraska.....	5
New Jersey.....	9	Nevada.....	3
North Carolina.....	11	New Hampshire.....	4
South Carolina.....	9	New York.....	36
Tennessee.....	12	Ohio.....	23
Texas.....	13	Oregon.....	3
Virginia.....	12	Pennsylvania.....	30
		Rhode Island.....	4
		Vermont.....	4
		Wisconsin.....	11
		West Virginia.....	6
Total.....	162	Total.....	239

In some of the States, the election was marked by genuine surprises. Thus in Missouri, which gave Cleveland 30,000 majority, the Democratic candidate for Governor, D. R. Francis, narrowly escaped defeat. In St. Louis, of which city he is Mayor, he was "knifed" remorselessly. The Republicans carried the city by 6,000 plurality, and Kimball, Republican candidate for Governor, beat Francis by 10,000. The Republicans also made a clean sweep in the three Congress districts of the city. Besides the 10,000 majority in St. Louis, Kimball made gains in Springfield, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Warrenton, and other towns. Francis ran behind the national ticket all over the State, while Kimball ran ahead of Harrison.

In Delaware, also, there was a surprise, the returns indicating that the Republicans have secured a majority in the Legislature, and will elect a United States Senator to succeed Saulsbury (Democrat).

The greatest surprise of all, however, was the result in West Virginia, where the Republicans have apparently secured a majority for Harrison, four members of Congress, and a majority of the Legislature. This State is now represented in the United States Senate by John E. Kenna, whose term will expire on March 3d, 1889. His return had been looked upon as assured, for he is extremely popular, has been a diligent and capable Senator, and had no formidable opponent in his way. The most popular Republican in the State is unquestionably Nathan Goff, who was the candidate of his party for Governor. In the event of his failure to secure an election to that office, it may be assumed that he will be selected to succeed Senator Kenna.

According to the present indications, the Senate will stand, on March 4th, 1889: Republicans, 41; Democrats, 35—a majority of 6. This majority will enable the new Administration to secure the prompt approval of nominations, and will assure for Mr. Harrison that friendly consideration of treaties and other questions of state that was denied to the propositions of President Cleveland. In the House of Representatives the Republican majority will be at least 5.

While the Republicans everywhere have indulged in jubilant demonstrations over their victory, Indianapolis, the home of General Harrison, has been, quite naturally, the scene of especial excitement and enthusiasm. During the night of the election, and for two days after, the streets were crowded with a cheering multitude, who hailed every favorable report with fresh demonstrations of delight. The good feeling took some ludicrous forms. Thus a *Sun* dispatch says: "Wealthy business men, staid and sober professional men, were plentifully mixed in the throngs, with hundreds of colored men and boys, bootblacks and newsboys. Some had little flags pinned all over them, with a row of flags sticking from their hats. Hundreds wore a red rooster on their hats, with small pieces of crape wrapped around its neck. There must have been a big stock of roosters laid away somewhere in the city, for

peddlers carried huge baskets of them, and sold out as fast as they could make the change. Many enthusiastic celebrants, not content with one crane-bedecked chicken, would have a big one on top of his plug-hat, surrounded by half a dozen bantams, while upon each shoulder perched the Democratic bird. Probably the most unique feature about the crowds was the way their hats and coats were marked with red and white chalk. On the backs of hundreds were the figures 544, the number of votes General Harrison received at Chicago. Others had 'New York 11,000' chalked on their backs, while every hat bore some letter or figure. In the New Denison and on the street corners were half a dozen professional chalkers doing a land-office business. Dandified young men would submit to have their garments artistically marked with all sorts of humorous characters. Basso bands, horn bands and brass bands marched up and down in the mud, the men all bedecked with roosters, flags, and chalk-marks. Occasionally a man would come along with a huge tin cylinder called the devil's drum, its sliding heads, when pumped back and forth, emitting a collection of sounds that would drown a whole bazoo band.

Amid all the excitement General Harrison remained calm and serene. To all congratulations upon his election he gave kindly but temperate responses. When the telegraph company offered to make direct connections with his residence, in order that he might receive the news promptly, he declined at first to permit it. "I am not so impatient to know the news," he said, "that I feel like fastening myself to the end of a telegraph-wire. I have never been so impatient about anything that I felt the need of that." He was convinced, however, that it was for the company's convenience, as it would be necessary, otherwise, to keep messenger-boys running to his house to deliver the telegrams that were sure to be received. To save that trouble, he consented to the arrangement.

On Thursday a train-load of enthusiasts from Danville visited Indianapolis, and with flags flying, men pushing, singing and shouting, drums, tin horns, brass bands and cannon all uniting to make an indescribable medley, proceeded to the Harrison residence. As the crowd surged into the yard General Harrison ventured to look out of the south bay window. He was seen immediately, and the crowd broke for the window. By this time the spokesman of the delegation had been ushered into the library. He said that all they wanted was to tender their congratulations, and that no speech would be asked, and the general accompanied him to the front steps. For a time each member of the club made endeavors to convey his individual congratulations, but finally quiet was restored, and the Hon. John J. Hull delivered a congratulatory address, saying that "The people, after four years of search, had found the keystone whose loss has threatened the destruction of the whole fabric of the Government, and now the arch is perfect and the people are saved." General Harrison shook hands with the few who insisted, then bade them a pleasant "Good-night," and retired.

Mrs. Harrison, when interviewed by a *Herald* reporter, was evidently more occupied with household duties than with plans for a possible future in the White House. In response to the question whether, if General Harrison were elected, she would continue the usual way of entertaining at the Executive Mansion, she said: "I have not thought of what I should do. If our party wins there will be time enough for plans after election. I should not make any changes that would be disagreeable to the people. For my own part, I prefer the simplicity of entertainments at the White House given many years ago. I like my quiet home here, but after six years of Washington society I have formed attachments there, too."

A correspondent, writing of the coming "lady" of the White House, says: "Mrs. Harrison generally kept house during her husband's Senatorial career, and impressed everybody who came into close contact with her that her home was the spot dearest to her of all, and that her best hours were spent there in making it happy and attractive for her family. She went into society considerably, particularly during her last Winter there, when the family had apartments at the Woodmont Flats, a big house overlooking Iowa Circle. Her Thursday afternoon receptions were marked by the ease and informality with which her friends were received and entertained. She was prompt in paying off her social obligations, and kept up—even with all the demands her husband's position required—a close and delightful acquaintance with a number of ladies, among whom were especially a number of the resident families, who go on from Administration to Administration with a calm placidity which comes of settled position, the wives of the Indiana Congressmen, and the Army and Navy circle. Mrs. McKee, the only married daughter, has made her home with her parents since her marriage, and may go with them to Washington. She has a boy, who is the delight of the family, and will prove an interesting addition to the group at the White House, where the patter of baby feet has so long been lacking."

THE SOUTH ON THE RESULT.

One of the most remarkable results of the election is the philosophical manner in which Democratic defeat is accepted at the South. A correspondent who interviewed a number of bank presidents and other prominent Democrats in Charleston, S. C., reports them as by no means alarmed by the election of Harrison. Mr. George W. Williams, the wealthiest banker in the South, said: "Financially the country will not be damaged by the election of Harrison and Morton. The best banking system that we have ever had was established by the Republican party. That party represents the wealth of the nation. It will not, therefore, be likely to do anything that will disturb or damage the financial interests of our common country. The colored people have prospered greatly under Cleveland's Administration. They will, of course, be gratified at the restoration of the Republican party to power. While the whites would have been pleased at the re-election of Cleveland, they will have nothing to fear from a change in the Administration. Many financiers North and South think the Democrats made a great mistake in depositing sixty millions of dollars in the banks without interest, thus advancing the price of Government bonds the Treasurer was authorized to purchase. It has also the tendency to lessen the bank circulation, as the banks received only \$90 on the \$100 Government bonds deposited, and paid a tax of one per cent. Under the new system the banks received \$110 on the \$100 deposited and pay no tax on the deposit. This was undoubtedly bad financiering."

Dr. Andrew Simonds, President of the First National Bank, said: "I have a profound respect for Mr. Cleveland as an honest patriot. He has made mistakes probably, but to err is human."

General Harrison could not ruin the South if he would, and he certainly would not if he could. Should the prosperous existence of any part of our country be imperiled, both President and people will see that its constitutional rights are maintained. There can be no isolation of the interests and safety of any member of this Republic from its other members. The suffering of one is the suffering of all. General Harrison's reputation has stood the test of this most virulent campaign of frauds, forged letters and man-traps. His public record is without stain. What were intended to be strong charges made against him are to his credit, and command the approval of fair-minded men as an independent, self-reliant man. No Republican could be less objectionable to the South. The burdens of a war tariff will surely be lightened under his Administration. Labor and capital will both be protected. The country is safe."

THE MUGWUMP DOG.

THE canine color-bearer portrayed in the sketch on page 221 might have been observed trotting dejectedly down Fulton Street on the morning of Wednesday last. Deserted by his master, who had probably been dazed by the election bulletins from the New York counties as they had showered in during the night—the faithful animal, alone amongst a whole cityful, continued to flaunt the red-bandana banner of the lost cause. Speaking of the bandana reminds us that the New York Times, on the morning after election, published an elaborate editorial article on "Theories of colors," in which it was pointed out that "Red is not a true color at all, but partakes of blue and yellow." This theory was confirmed by the appearance of many of the bandana knights on Wednesday, the 7th instant.

AROUND THE CIDER-PRESS.

CIDER-MAKING is the vintage season of the Middle States, and who shall say that it is a less picturesque process—even with the new-fangled cider-press—than the crushing of the purple grape? Scenes like that portrayed in the picture on page 225 abound, throughout the golden Autumn months, in Central New York, in Sussex County, New Jersey, about the Delaware Water Gap region, and in a thousand other localities to which individual recollection will turn. All who claim Cornell University as Alma Mater will surely remember the annual "cider raid" upon the little village of Free Hollow among the hills back of Ithaca.

New cider is preferable as a beverage to new wine, and the apple-juice which descends in one stream from the press to the tub is drawn up again in many tiny ones, through straws, into the mouths of the juvenile bacchantes who hold revel around the press. It is a true type of Autumn—the Autumn pictured by Keats—

"On a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Sparest the next swath and all its twined flowers;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours."

BRANT'S TOMB AND THE MOHAWK CHURCH AT BRANTFORD.

THE old Mohawk Church, on the banks of the Grand River, near Brantford, Ontario, overshadows the tomb of Brant, the great chieftain of the Iroquois Confederacy, who died in 1807, and is all that now remains of the ambitious Indian village which he founded. After the Revolution, the Lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada assigned to the Indian loyalists a large reservation on the Grand River, and the portion which fell to Brant's own tribe, the Mohawks, was a beautiful tract six miles square, including the site now in question. At a point near where the present iron bridge crosses, Brant constructed a boom over the stream, whence the name "Brant's Ford," afterwards Brantford. The chieftain's plan of civilization started with the evangelization of his tribe, and in 1785 he visited England, returning to build with the funds that he had collected the Mohawk Church, as it still stands. It was the first temple dedicated to Christianity in Upper Canada. To this day service is conducted there in the Mohawk dialect, and communion is celebrated with the service of solid silver presented to the aborigines by Queen Anne, after the visit of four "Indian Kings" to England in 1710.

ELECTION BULLETINS ON THE RIALTO.

TWO great centres of the display of bulletins in New York city, on election night, were Printing House Square, downtown, and Madison Square, in the heart of the city. But there were many other places where eager crowds gathered to watch the hasty but eloquent scrolls which the stereopticon flashed upon the white sheet held up to public view. One of these side-intelligencers, which the artist has noted upon page 224, was in East Union Square, the old "Rialto" of our theatrical friends. Nowhere were the vast throngs more demonstrative, and nowhere did the lugubrious anthem, "Grover's in the cold, cold ground," rise with a heartier volume of sound, as the tide of Republican victory came rolling in.

COLONEL MAPLESON'S MEMOIRS.

SOME of the veteran *impresario's* tales of noted singers are exceedingly interesting. For instance, he heard of Campanini's success, and sent an agent to Rome to engage him: "One evening about nine o'clock the hallkeeper brought me word that there was some one from 'Campanini, or some such name.' I immediately brightened up and said, 'Send the messenger in,' who accordingly entered. He had a colored flannel shirt on, no shirt-collar, a beard of two or three days' growth, and a little pot hat. He, in fact, looked rather a rough customer. In reply to my interrogation he informed me that Campanini had arrived and was in London. I replied, 'Are you sure?' Thereupon he burst out laughing, and said that he was Campanini. I felt as if I should go through the floor."

Campanini appeared on May 4th, 1872, as *Genaro* in "Lucio Borgia" with Titieni and Trebelli, and far surpassed the colonel's expectations. But even this great tenor, now an *impresario*, was not free from the influence of operatic tradition, as is shown by his first opinion of "Carmen." Colonel Mapleson says that, having heard of Minnie Hauk's success in the opera in Brussels, he

engaged her for London. "In casting the parts I well recollect the difficulties I had to encounter. On sending Campanini the rôle of *Don José* (in which he afterwards became so celebrated), he returned it to me stating he would do anything to oblige, but could not think of undertaking a part in an opera of that description, where he had no romance and no love-duet except with the *seconda donna*. Shortly afterwards, Del Puente, the baritone, entered, informing me that the part of *Escamillo*, which I had sent him, must have been intended for one of the chorus, and that he begged to decline it."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

MORMON converts by the car-load are leaving Alabama for Utah.

THE British Admiralty proposes to build eight first-class men-of-war, a score of swift cruisers, and many torpedo-vessels.

LONDON was startled last week by another murder in the heart of the Whitechapel region. The victim was a woman, and the body, like those of former victims, was cut into pieces.

THE smallest steam-engine ever made has been completed, after two years of labor, for the Paris Exhibition. It is composed of 180 pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. A watchmaker made it.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT JUDGE SAWYER has rendered a decision in the test cases of two Chinese at San Francisco, in which he holds that inasmuch as they were born in the United States they are citizens thereof, and not amenable to the Act of Congress excluding Chinese laborers.

THE pauper figures in London are interesting. The last week in September showed 92,528 paupers receiving indoor and outdoor relief. This, out of an enumerated population in 1881 of 3,815,000, shows an increase of 2,295 over the corresponding week in 1887, of 4,924 more than in 1886, and of 6,609 more than in 1885.

JOHN SHAW, of Shamokin, Pa., was carried to the polls wrapped in blankets, to vote for Harrison and Morton. He died the next day. Four years ago Shaw swore he would not wear a coat until another Republican President should be elected, and last Summer he spent several months in Europe wearing a cardigan jacket.

In the dismissal of Lord Sackville-West the representation of Great Britain at Washington passes abruptly from a diplomatist of forty years' experience to a junior secretary, with the commission of *Chargé d'Affaires*. Mr. Herbert, who now holds that position, is a brother of Lord Pembroke and of Lady De Grey. He is only in his thirty-first year. The First Secretary of the British Legation in Washington, Mr. Edwards, Lord Kensington's brother, is in England, and was not expected to return to America. But, possibly, under the altered condition of affairs, he now will take over the duties of *Chargé d'Affaires* from Mr. Herbert, as the appointment of a successor to Lord Sackville is likely to be indefinitely postponed.

A CENSUS of the illiterates in the various countries of the world, recently published in the *Statistische Monatschrift*, places the three Slavie States of Roumania, Servia and Russia at the head of the list, with about 80 per cent. of the population unable to read and write. Of the Latin-speaking races, Spain heads the list with 63 per cent., followed by Italy with 48 per cent., France and Belgium having about 15 per cent. The illiterates in Hungary number 43 per cent., in Austria 39, and in Ireland 21. In England we find 13 per cent., Holland 10 per cent., United States (white population) 8 per cent., and Scotland 7 per cent., unable to read and write. When we come to the purely Teutonic States, we find a marked reduction in the percentage of illiterates. The highest is in Switzerland, 2.5; in the whole German Empire it is but 1 per cent.; in Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden and Württemberg, there is practically no one who cannot read and write.

THE raisin industry of the Pacific Coast is growing rapidly, and grape-raising is, as a consequence, profitable. A vineyard of good average bearing will yield six tons of grapes to the acre, with a value of \$20 a ton on the vines, or \$120 an acre. Older vineyards produce from eight to ten tons, and the fruit brings a higher price than the product of younger vines, as it is better adapted to the larger or bunch styles of high-priced raisins. Thus a forty-acre vineyard in full bearing at six years of age would furnish a revenue to the grower of over \$6,000. Labor, however, is very high, and growers have found it difficult to obtain a full complement of hands to cure a crop needing such prompt attention. This difficulty will be lessened as newcomers thicken. California produces in quantities only the raisins that compete with the famous Malaga varieties. The Pacific raisin crop of 1888 is expected to approximate 1,000,000 boxes. Some of this has gone abroad, owing to the small crops of Malaga this year, and the latter fact will help to distribute the domestic crop through this country.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NOVEMBER 1ST.—In New Orleans, La., Mother Augustine, of the Ursuline Convent, aged 77 years. November 3d.—In New Haven, Conn., Herick P. Frost, General Manager of the Southern New England Telephone Company. November 4th.—In Boston, Mass., Mahlon D. Spaulding, the well-known banker, aged 61 years; in Baltimore, Md., Louis McMurray, the oyster and fruit packer, aged 58 years; in Jobstown, N. J., Nathaniel G. Lorillard, of New York, aged 24 years. November 5th.—In Cornwall, N. Y., Rev. William E. Snowden, aged 71 years; in New York, Dr. David Hostetter, the bitters manufacturer, of Pittsburgh, aged 58 years. November 6th.—In New York, L. J. N. Stark, Commissioner of Docks, aged 66 years. November 7th.—In Paterson, N. J., ex-Mayor Henry A. Williams, aged 63 years; in Bethel, Me., ex-Congressman David Hammons, aged 80 years; in Colorado, Edward C. Carrigan, a prominent lawyer of Boston, Mass., aged 35 years. November 8th.—In Riverdale, N. Y., George H. Forster, who had just been re-elected President of the Board of Aldermen of New York city, aged 50 years; in New York, Robert M. Johnson, the florist, aged 34 years. November 9th.—In New York, Frederick A. Potts, President of the New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad, aged 52 years; in Bristol, R. I., Alexander Perry, grandson of Commodore Perry, aged 67 years; in Pittsburgh, Pa., General J. B. Sweitzer, aged 68 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-SENATOR BARNUM, of Connecticut, is seriously ill at his home in that State.

SEÑOR CASTELAR thinks the establishment of universal suffrage the most needed reform in Spain.

EMPEROR WILLIAM will visit Constantinople in the Spring, on the occasion of his journey to Athens.

COQUELIN, the French comedian, is charmed with American cocktails, but draws the line at Boston baked beans.

LORD TENNYSON has been sick for some months, and was so seriously ill last week that grave apprehensions were felt by his family.

SPEAKER PELL of the British House of Commons is in poor health, and it is improbable that he will be able to occupy the chair next year.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, the distinguished actress, has just returned to this country after an absence of three years, and will delight her admirers by playing some of her favorite rôles.

THE beautiful Countess of Dudley has insured her life for \$500,000 for the benefit of her younger children. This is the lady who set the fashion in England of sleeping between black silk sheets.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, author of "Robert Elsmere," was born in Australia. Her brother, Theodore, is a schoolmaster in New Zealand. Her sister was married a few years ago to Leonard Huxley, son of Professor Huxley.

THE announcement of the death of John M. Schleyer, the inventor of "Volapuk," is contradicted by Mr. Schleyer himself in his paper, the *Volapukabied Zenodid*. He says he has been dangerously ill, and even received the last sacraments of the Church, but he has been cured by the baths of Baden.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has made the most remarkable recovery her physicians have ever witnessed. When she left Sag Harbor it was believed that she could not live to reach Hartford. Now, however, she is better than she has been for some years, and is able to walk with the aid of a cane.

THE Emperor William did not kiss the Pope's hand in the solemn declaration of the official German papers, nor did the Pope kiss the Emperor's forehead. That the Emperor "bent his knee" to the Pope is also characterized as an Ultramontane imagination. His Majesty bowed twice and shook the Holy Father by the hand three times.

MANAGER ANSON, who is taking two American baseball nines to Australia, found a letter from King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands awaiting him in San Francisco. Kalakaua requested Anson to bring his players to Honolulu if possible. The dusky island potentate felt certain, he said, that the Sandwich Islanders would be delighted with the game.

RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN will be married this week to Miss Mary Endicott, daughter of the Secretary of War. Miss Endicott is a beauty of the English type, has a pink-and-white complexion, large, full blue eyes, a supple, graceful figure and a reserved manner. Mr. Chamberlain is a widower of fifty-two, but he looks hardly forty. He is a retired millionaire manufacturer.

WHEN Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster-general of England, applied to a famous mathematical coach at Cambridge to be taken as his pupil, she was rudely repulsed, and the ungallant tutor remarked that he "would take no tabbies." Very well. This same Miss Fawcett has been systematically beating the best men of her year in the Trinity College examinations, and will doubtless be senior wrangler for the ensuing year.

TIDINGS have been received of the death, at Tashkend, of the noted geographer and explorer, Colonel Prejevalsky. His fame was chiefly acquired through travels in Central Asia, and he is thought to have more nearly discovered the sources of the Yellow River than any one else. He spent 1879 and 1880 in a single tour through Thibet, the Gobi Desert and adjacent regions, trying to penetrate the City of the Grand Lama, ascending Himalayan peaks two miles higher than Mont Blanc, narrowly escaping decapitation by Chinese officers, and meeting with many romantic adventures.

REV. DR. J. T. DURYEA, pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Boston, has accepted a call from the Congregational Church of Omaha, Neb., at a reduced salary. Dr. Duryea is the leading pastor of his denomination in Boston. He is a member of the school committee, and much feeling against him has been aroused, even in his own church, by his vote favoring the removal of "Swinton's History" as a text-book in the public schools. It was this act which stirred up the "school question" war in that city and led to the registration of 25,000 women. Dr. Duryea was once pastor of a church in Brooklyn.

Mlle. MARIE SOUCARET, the charming young lady who won the first prize in the recent beauty show of Spa, and whose portrait appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER three weeks ago, has received no less than one hundred and odd offers of marriage from bankers and young scions of titled aristocracy. There are ten marquises and a dozen counts and viscounts in the field for the lady's hand. She has not yet made her choice, but it is said that she will pick out the lucky man from the belted knights of the Faubourg St. Germain. Mlle. Soucaret is a native of Guadeloupe, and is a dusky-skinned, dark-eyed blonde, possessing a faultless form and a figure a little over the average height.

MR. EDMUND YATES writes to the New York Tribune that there is not a man in the Queen's dominions who, during the last twenty years, has spent so many nights in railway travel as has Her Majesty's eldest son. During his Indian tour all the Prince's railway journeys were made by night. Look at his recent record. On one night he travels by rail from Roumania to Vienna. The following night he spends in the train on his way to the shooting-ground. He shoots all day, comes back the same night to Vienna without a break, quits Vienna by night on a journey to Paris, and travels by night from Paris to London. The night between Friday and Saturday of that week he spent traveling from London to Balmoral; the night between Monday and Tuesday of the next week he spent on the return journey to town. And His Royal Highness is never fitter than after a night of railway travel. He seems to rise from his railway couch adequately refreshed, certainly in excellent form for either pleasure or business.



NEW YORK CITY.—HON. HUGH J. GRANT, MAYOR-ELECT.
PHOTO. BY SARONY.

DOWN THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA.

THE passage of the Grand Dalles of the Columbia River, the second great rapids above its mouth, has been made by five different steamboats during the last quarter of a century. First to be brought down through this narrow and intricate chasm, where the great river is said to literally "turn on its edge," was the *Okanagon*, the second steamer built to navigate the Upper Columbia; second, the *Shoshone*; and third, the *Nex Perce Chief*, both on the same day. All three were afterwards taken over the Cascades. In 1881 the completion of the Oregon Railway and Navigation

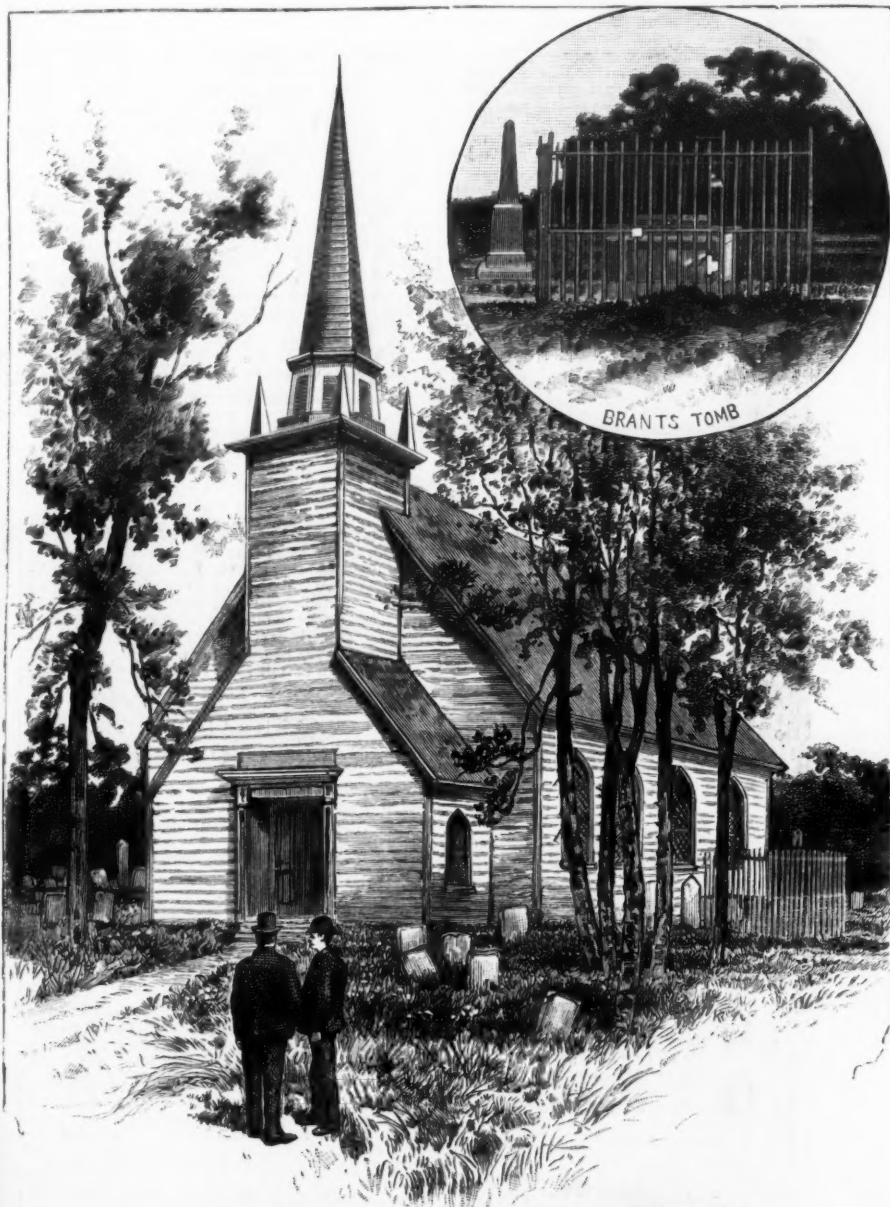
Co.'s line along the Upper River left the boats with little to do, and the large and handsome *Harvest Queen* was brought down to the "Middle" River, as the reach above the Cascades is called, where her services were demanded on account of the increased activity attendant upon the construction of that road down the gorge of the Columbia. When the rails were laid to Bonneville, opposite the Lower Cascades, all the boats but two were taken over the rapids; and, finally, the departure of the *Hassalo*—the boat that shot the Falls on the last "June rise," an illustration of which was given in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of September 22d, left the *Queen* without a consort. Then it was decided to bring the *D. S. Baker* down from the Upper River to run as a Winter boat in place of the *Hassalo*. Accordingly, a few days subsequent to the last-named boat's thrilling descent of the Cascades, the *Baker* ran the Falls at Celilo without mishap, and was tied up at the "Mess-house," just above the Grand Dalles, to await the falling of the river. Unlike the Cascades and the *Tumwater*—as the Indians call the Falls at Celilo—the Dalles can only be navigated at dead low water. On the 15th of October, the river having fallen sufficiently, steam was raised and the voyage continued to a successful termination.

Our illustration shows the steamer as she was descending the upper reach of the chute under full steam ahead. The fort-like islet of solid basalt, seen in the foreground, causes a strong "set" of the current against the Washington shore, opposite. Captain Troup, who has the distinction of being the only river-pilot who has run the river without a



THE LATE ELECTION.—ANNOUNCING THE RETURNS BY STEREOPTICON ON UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

SEE PAGE 223.



DOMINION OF CANADA.—THE OLD MOHAWK CHURCH, AND TOMB OF BRANT, THE FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFTAIN, NEAR BRANTFORD.

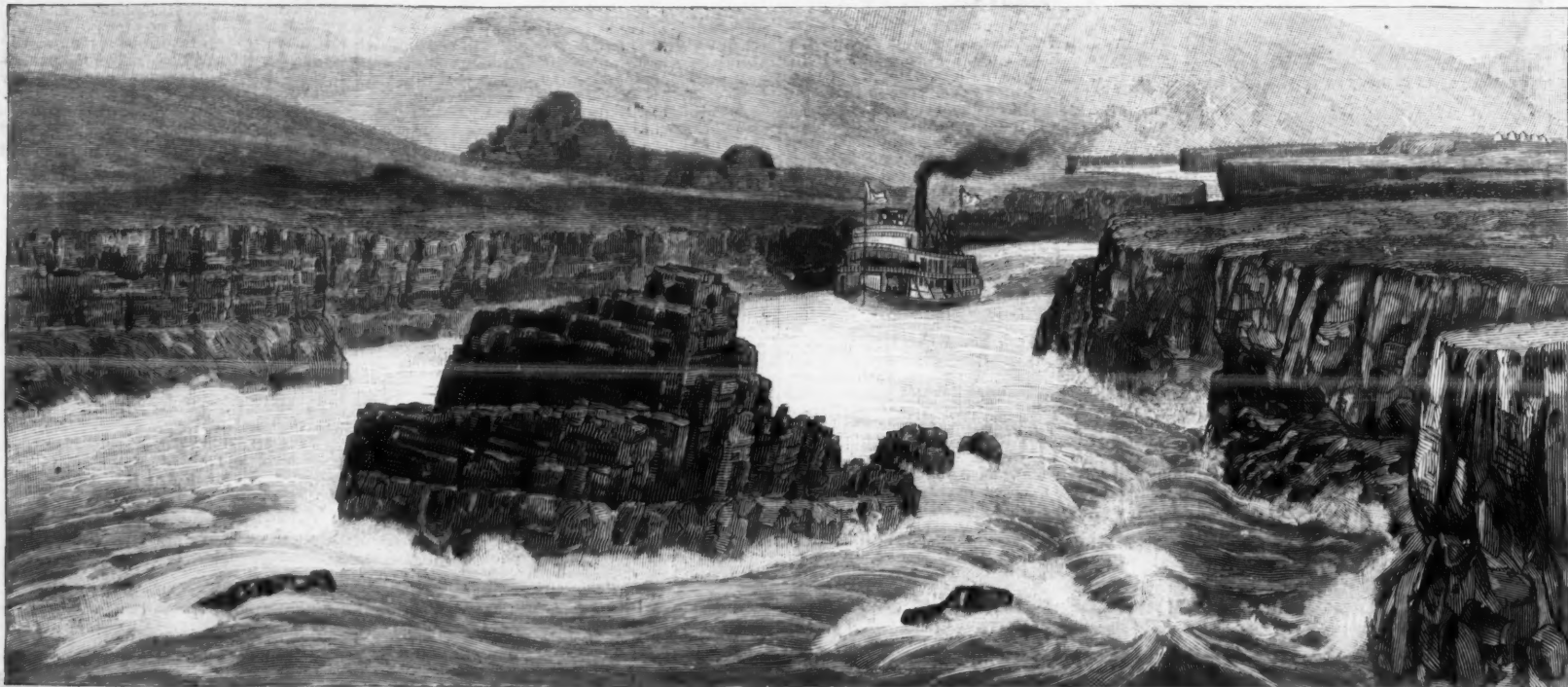
SEE PAGE 223.

break from Lewiston to the sea, was compelled to stop and reverse the engines at this point, and thence "drift" his boat through the narrow gap, past a half-submerged reef just below and around an abrupt turn to the lower end. There the tremendous current, foiled in its onslaught against the ironstone walls of Mimaloose Island, turns square across the channel and sweeps with resistless force upon a long, low-lying reef near the territorial side. There is not time to gain headway enough to escape the reef; the current catches the boat broadside and carries her over against the rocks. Captain Troup so skillfully managed his craft, however, that the guard only came in contact with the reef, and that so gently as to result in no damage. Having carefully worked past this obstruction, he then rang to go ahead, and the *Baker* gracefully swung to port, parting the dark-green waters of the "Basin" with her white, faultless prow, and churning them to foam with her wheel.

The next point of interest, the Five-mile Rapids—which properly belongs to the Dalles—was passed

in fine style, colors flying and whistle blowing in answer to the greeting-signals from the town below. When the *Harvest Queen* reached her berth at the Dalles that night, her old-time mate of the Upper River lay there, trim and graceful, the fires out and lines taut to the shore.

The obstructions to navigating the Columbia River, though extensive, are all surmountable by means of locked canals and ship-railways. A survey is now in progress looking to the selection of one of these methods to overcome the portages at the Dalles and the *Tumwater*. The locks already under way at the Cascades should be urged to completion, and all other improvements necessary to open this great river to unrestricted commerce ought to be at once begun and completed as speedily as possible. The wonderful basin locally known as the Inland Empire, which embraces all of Eastern Oregon and Washington, together with Northern Idaho, would thereby be given an outlet to the seaboard independent of the railways. The principal product of this vast region, so far as agriculture is concerned, is wheat. The yearly



OREGON.—THE STEAMER "D. S. BAKER" RUNNING THE GRAND DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.
FROM A SKETCH BY W. E. CAMPBELL.



NEW JERSEY.—AN OLD-FASHIONED CIDER-PRESS IN SUSSEX COUNTY.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 223.

FREE.



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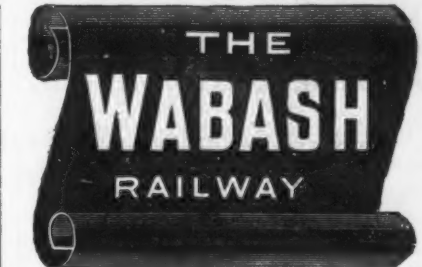
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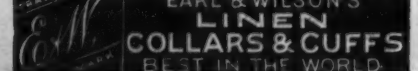


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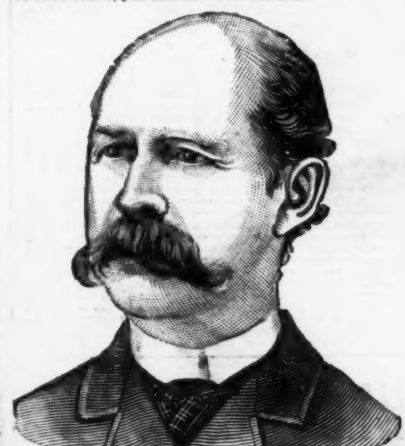
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